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VACATION SPEECHES.

AS farmers in Herefordshire and Devonshire drink and give away their cider with lavish profusion when the autumnal crop of apples reminds them that their casks must be ready for refilling, the members who have carefully husbanded their eloquence during the long Parliamentary recess all at once, on the eve of the Session, pour it out with a splash. Within less than a week, two Cabinet Ministers, a Secretary of the Treasury, and an adherent of Mr. BRIGHT, have delivered addresses to their constituents with as much variety of statement and opinion as could have been reasonably expected. Mr. VILLIERS had the benefit of a special though hackneyed topic, in the advantages of the Willenhall Literary Institution. It is satisfactory to find that any establishment of the kind is exceptionally fortunate in the hearty support of the working classes. It was hardly necessary to state that the inhabitants of Willenhall are remarkably enlightened, and Mr. VILLIERS perhaps ventured on dangerous ground when he stated that, at his first acquaintance with the place, the excellent qualities of the population were partially obscured by a certain roughness of manner and bearing. No man likes the retrospective criticism which is involved in a compliment to his moral or intellectual amendment. Willenhall, however, is sufficiently proud of its own progress to admit that five-and-twenty years ago there may have been room for improvement. At that time, only fifty periodicals, including newspapers, were circulated in the town, which now takes a thousand copies. As, however, the studies of the place are probably confined to penny papers, the comparison requires correction. The fifty copies probably cost sixpence apiece, and the love of knowledge which the outlay indicated consequently bore to the present demand the ratio of three to ten. If the number of residents has been stationary, Willenhall may boast that it is, to the extent of seven-tenths, more enlightened than at the time when Mr. VILLIERS was first returned for Wolverhampton. At the Literary Institution, and in other public rooms, each newspaper finds many readers; and there can be no doubt that, as in other manufacturing districts, the working-classes have acquired some political information. It was Mr. VILLIERS' obvious duty to infer that the franchise ought to be extended; but he could not be expected to denounce the treason of the Government to Reform, as in his official capacity he was himself one of the traitors. It also followed from his position that the Government was in the right in its non-intervention both in Denmark and in America. Even in the remotest borough, the least fastidious audience must have learnt by this time to shudder at the name of Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. MILNER GIBSON told his constituents a year ago, when the question was deeply interesting, that he understood nothing about it; but he is certainly sincere in his approval of the passive policy of the Cabinet. After the opening of Parliament, on Tuesday week, the whole matter will probably be consigned to lasting oblivion.

Mr. Gibson, perhaps, cares a little more than Mr. VILLIERS for Reform, but, as he is equally responsible for the judicious acquiescence of the Cabinet in the prudent inaction of Parliament, he could only recommend, in conventional phrase, the application of pressure from without, to force himself and his colleagues to comply with a demand which they are not disposed to anticipate. As President of the Board of Trade, Mr. MILNER GIBSON stated that nothing could be more satisfactory than the arrangements between his own department and the Foreign Office, or than the relations of both with the trading community. Mr. FORSTER's Committee has probably induced the FOREIGN MINISTER to appreciate more fully the importance of commercial questions, for every English Legation is now required to devote special attention to the subject. Since the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty between England and France,

it has been constantly necessary to watch the provisions of the various treaties which the French Government has negotiated with other Continental States. As England had nothing to give in return for the adoption of a profitable policy by foreign countries, it was only practicable to stipulate in each separate case for the privileges of the most favoured nation. When Mr. MILNER GIBSON observed that the advantages of free trade were incomplete in the absence of reciprocity, he was probably thinking of the perverse resistance which has been offered to the introduction of reasonable tariffs. English economists and statesmen have deliberately rejected the pretence of selling a concession when they found it their interest to relieve their own countrymen from an artificial burden. The only recent violation of the recognised principle was committed, on perhaps sufficient grounds, by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CORBEN in 1860. It was thought expedient to provide the Imperial Government with a popular pretext for a measure which was intrinsically just and prudent. The wine duties were accordingly reduced before their proper turn had arrived, and the manufacturers and merchants who form public opinion on commercial subjects have profited largely by access to a new and valuable market. The advantage which has undoubtedly arisen from the increased consumption of wine and of other French produce is scarcely noticed by the most prominent eulogists of the treaty; yet, if the partial adoption of free trade by France had been only beneficial to English producers, the policy of the treaty would have been unjustifiable as well as anomalous. The cotton-spinners of Ashton naturally think only of customers when they recommend measures for the encouragement of trade, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON is not to be too severely blamed for adopting their language, although his desire for reciprocity may be easily misunderstood. Like all the party with which he sympathizes, his objection to protective tariffs is forgotten when he speaks of America. The manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania originally pretended that high duties on foreign imports were indispensable to the support of the war. Having now raised the tariff to a point at which it becomes much less productive, they trust to popular ignorance to accept the explanation that the resources of the country are increased by the encouragement afforded to native industry. The contraband trade which is likely to correct the mistakes of legislation will be attributed, like other drawbacks from American felicity, to the cunning malevolence of England.

Mr. PEEL is not, like Mr. VILLIERS and Mr. GIBSON, an enthusiastic Reformer, although he is prepared to vote for the schemes of Mr. BAINES and Mr. LOCKE KING. Like many other persons, he is struck with the contradiction between the perfect freedom which Mr. BRIGHT justly attributes to all English subjects, and the supposed condition of serfdom which oppresses a vast majority of the population. Mr. PEEL has also discovered, through his own reflection or from the arguments of political writers, that in the present day the influence of Parliaments varies inversely with the approximation of the franchise by which they are chosen to universal suffrage. There is nothing more childish than the reason for increasing the constituency of England which is derived from the practice of France. It is idle to show that every man can vote, without considering what he can vote for. An English ten-pound householder may sometimes decide the election of a Prime Minister or a great party leader, and in every instance his representative has an equal voice in determining the whole domestic and foreign policy of the Empire. The nominee of the peasantry of a French Department is only allowed to talk politics for a fortnight in the year, and the entire Legislative Body is utterly powerless to prevent a Mexican war, or to remove the least of the many restrictions which destroy the freedom of the periodical press. When the Chamber of Deputies possessed a far larger share of the functions which belong to the House of Commons, it was chosen by constituencies which were absurdly and unprecedentedly small. The only free

French Assembly of modern times which owed its origin to a popular vote within two years suppressed the universal suffrage from which it sprang, under the conviction that the system was incompatible with Parliamentary government and with the welfare of the nation. The proclamation which announced the assumption by the PRESIDENT of absolute power also contained the perfectly consistent statement that universal suffrage was restored. Mr. PEEL preferred the equally forcible proof of his proposition which is furnished by the American House of Representatives. As he accurately stated, Congress has exercised no influence whatever during the great revolutionary period, nor has the country ever looked with curiosity, or hope, or fear to the proceedings of its insignificant representatives. The argument against Mr. BRIGHT deserves serious consideration; but Mr. PEEL forgot to state his reasons for supporting the provisional measures of Mr. BAINES and Mr. LOCKE KING.

Mr. LEATHAM is not wanting in ability, and he is not hampered by the restraints of office. It was easy for him to advocate the most sweeping Reform, and to compliment his constituents by assuring them that, if Huddersfield were England, they might summarily escape from the embarrassing dilemma between Reform on one hand, and expediency and justice on the other. Under present circumstances, Mr. LEATHAM could only regret that the indignation which he must be supposed to share with his audience is not as deep or as widespread as Reformers could wish. There was, however, consolation in the assurance that the great cause of democracy has found a leader in a conspicuous convert. "A man still in the prime of life, a man of unimpeachable honour, of dauntless resolution, and of transcendent genius had flung himself manfully into the breach." It was convenient to forget that, within a week, Mr. GLADSTONE, though still in the prime of life, figuratively took himself out of the breach by explaining his speech away. Mr. LEATHAM inadvertently betrayed his own estimate of the whole transaction by the significant, though inelegant, remark, that Mr. BAINES "had taken a magnificent rise out of Mr. GLADSTONE." It would be difficult to fuse into a single metaphor the hero who flings himself into a breach, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer who undergoes a process which cannot be expressed in literary language. A much more valuable part of Mr. LEATHAM's speech was devoted to a spirited refutation of the projects of Temperance fanatics. It is satisfactory to find that a Radical member, when he is not talking about Parliamentary Reform, can think for himself, and oppose the emptiness of popular clamour. There is much reason for Mr. LEATHAM's protest against the abdication by Parliament of its proper functions in that kind of legislation which is called permissive. Mr. LAWSON's Bill would exaggerate the injustice and absurdity of all previous permissive measures; but the practice itself ought to be vigilantly watched. As Mr. LEATHAM said, "Here was a proposal which, with naked and revolutionary simplicity, would entrust the property and rights of a large class of persons to a diminutive, homogeneous, democratic, and irresponsible Parliament, set up all over the country, in place of a central, responsible, compound, and constitutional Parliament." In parishes, as in kingdoms, it is undesirable that a Legislative Assembly should be homogeneous, democratic, and irresponsible.

CONTINENTAL VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH FOREIGN-OFFICE.

THE toleration extended by the tyrants in Greek tragedies to the Chorus is a surprising instance of the success, upon paper, of that neutral and didactic policy which, except upon paper, is so often a failure. The fussy old gentlemen who were always praying to the Gods that virtue might be triumphant, and that villany might fail, but who never themselves presumed to interfere in the action or passion of the piece, ought, according to the laws of experience, to have been the most unpopular people in the drama. Lord RUSSELL, as English Chorus, is less fortunate than his buskined and busy prototypes. He fulfils with praiseworthy pertinacity, in his intercourse with other nations, all the rules laid down by HORACE for the conduct of a model Chorus. No act of oppression is ever anywhere committed but he expects, from what he knows of the justice of Heaven, that something awful will sooner or later happen to the oppressor. He deplores the fate of the unhappy, he warns the proud and haughty, and he bids the terrified and the afflicted to cheer up. The consequence of this moral and well-meaning attitude on the part of the English Foreign Office has been that it has no friends in either hemisphere. Unlike the Greek Chorus, its highminded ob-

servations are repaid with hearty and almost general abuse. In a political atmosphere where international duelling is a recognised institution, it is not unintelligible that peaceful philanthropy should go to the wall, nor indeed has Providence seen fit to bestow upon man the power of listening with equanimity to incessant good advice. Some of the oburgations lavished abroad upon English foreign policy spring from this venial weakness of our common nature; some may, perhaps, be merited occasionally by Ministerial want of tact; but a not inconsiderable portion are the fruit of ignorance, and of a want of comprehension of England's peculiar position. A writer in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has taken the trouble to analyse the conduct of the principal European Powers from the beginning of the Polish difficulty down to the Danish war. He plausibly attributes the discomfiture of Poland and the dismemberment of Denmark to the hesitations of the English Cabinet, and to the genius with which Count BISMARCK, in the Polish as well as in the Danish question, speculated on our irresolution. At a critical moment when the *entente cordiale* was all but established among the three Western Powers—when Austria showed an inclination to break definitely with Russia, and deliberately connived at the irregularities committed by the Polish revolutionists upon her Galician frontier—Lord CLARENDON's voice was heard, so we are told, at Frankfort. He informed the Austrian EMPEROR that, so long as Prussia pronounced against the Poles, England never would plunge into action, for the English Government were far from satisfied as to the loyalty of the intentions of the Tuileries. He is further said to have congratulated His Apostolic Majesty on his scheme for the reformation of the Bund, as "to strengthen Germany would be to give the world the surest guarantee against French ambition." To any Continental diplomatist such an observation, at such a time, from such a man, would naturally appear a most extraordinary and incomprehensible blunder. The English Foreign Office—foreigners would conclude—chooses to move in a mysterious way. To select such an opportunity for displaying a distrust of France was to paralyse Austria, and indirectly to sound the knell of Poland. A nation whose ambassadors blunder like bluebottles through the politics of the Continent, booming up one moment against one Government and buzzing the next moment in a different direction against somebody else, ought to shut up its Foreign Department and pay off its diplomatic corps. This is not the way in which statesmen abroad play chess. Nor, indeed, can it be denied that the anecdote, if true, would to a certain extent justify external criticism, and go far to stamp the polished Lord CLARENDON himself as a politician of the bluebottle order. Something more may indeed be conceded to the writer in the *Revue*. It is probable enough that the indecision of Lord PALMERSTON's Government in respect to the miserable Poles raised the spirits of the POLIGNAC of Prussia, precipitated the Danish war, and amply accounted for the bold line of action on which, in contrast to their native lethargy, Prussia and Germany for once have ventured. Lord RUSSELL's policy abroad during the last two years has been severely, and on some occasions justly, condemned in his own country as well as elsewhere; and most impartial Englishmen allow that the Foreign Office has of late shown little genius in political negotiations, even if its ultimate decisions have been generally sensible and satisfactory to the public.

It may, however, be questioned whether genius is a flower which any English Ministry can afford to grow in the ornamental gardens of its Foreign Office. The Continental detractors who embrace every opportunity of denouncing our insular selfishness and awkwardness would be more tolerant and less critical if it had ever been their happy lot to be the citizens of a self-governed and liberal country. There would probably be plenty of luxuriant genius at the Foreign Office if the Foreign Office were less dependent on the opinions of a free people. An English RICHELIEU would find himself an anachronism in a month. A political game of chess which would dazzle the BISMARCKS of the world, and defeat the hereditary schemes of Emperors and Kings, is not the game which can safely be played by the Ministers of a nation which has scarcely any private objects in Europe to promote, no sinister ambitions to satisfy, and not a single missionary theory to propagate. Since Lord MINTO's celebrated tour, even the Whigs have given up the idea of an English constitutional plaster for all political diseases, though the House of BEDFORD, it may be, cherishes to the last some wild hope of a coming millennium of Magna Chartas. An indefinite predilection for the balance of power in Europe is a pardonable instinct which England shares with all but the most restless Governments. But with the one exception of the vitality of a Mahometan Turkey—the importance of which may be less

appreciated when the present generation of statesmen, with their venerable traditions, have departed—we have scarcely any special geographical interests on the Continent which might not be covered by Lord Russell's capacious hat. England cannot approach even such a matter as the Polish question except from a point of view necessarily singular. France was bound to Poland by historical ties, and by her character as the armed apostle of the religion of nationalities. Austria might be supposed to be affected by solicitude for her own interests, by zeal for the Catholic religion, and by an anxiety, simultaneous with the reactionary attitude of Prussia, to take a corresponding step in the Liberal direction herself. Her MAJESTY's Government, on the other hand, had no reason in particular to urge why we should go to war, except the one reason that Poland was injured and unhappy. Speculative and able statesmen might be theoretically of opinion that an opportunity had at last presented itself of reconstituting a Catholic people on the frontier of Russia, and of thus repairing the dilapidated defences of Europe against the Cossack. But no English Minister who knows the pleasures of office would be likely to go to the country with such a cry as an apology for war taxation. It is the main body of the nation to whose sense the appeal is virtually made, in spite of all fictions of constitutional history that teach us the reverse. And the main body of the nation do not understand much or care much about Cossacks and dilapidated European frontiers. About the Poles themselves, their knowledge was limited to two equally prominent truths. Englishmen were aware that most Poles whom they had ever seen were dirty, and that a large number of Poles whom they had not seen were oppressed. But leaping into a European war to save a distant nation of unwashed martyrs seemed a desperate remedy to a people of domestic habits. JOHN BULL is not MACHIAVELLI, nor the Emperor of the FRENCH, nor do diplomatic wires from all parts of the Continent run into his private cabinet. The foreign policy of his country has ceased to be a matter of high craft and mystery. Henceforward it must be one that is simple and intelligible to a straightforward and simple-minded public. Lord CLARENDON's Frankfort speech seems stupid enough to a foreign politician. But if the summit of an envoy's ambition is to represent faithfully the opinions of his country, Lord CLARENDON might console himself with the thought that he adequately expressed the instinctive prejudices which would have risen at once to the imagination of most Englishmen.

To have no particular foreign policy is probably a deep reproach in the eyes of the spirited subjects of a military autocrat, but it is sometimes the mark of a quiet and free commonwealth. The policy which respectable householders pursue towards their nearest neighbours comes under this exact denomination. It is not a policy of intervention. It is not a policy of non-intervention. It is no particular policy at all. If the gentleman next door beats his wife, it is impossible to determine beforehand whether we shall send for the police, or whether we shall leave him to the punishment of Heaven. All depends upon circumstances, and has little to do with theory. Very likely, before we have made up our minds, he will have left off beating her, and the difficulty may thus solve itself. Certain traditions of a more or less obsolete character hang, no doubt, about the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office. But, to be tolerated at home, the foreign policy of any English Ministry ought not to be too complex to be intelligible to ordinary and unpolitical minds. CAVOUR was backed in his ingenious schemes by the will of a whole people resolutely bent upon the evident goal to which he was circuitously leading them. Herr VON BISMARCK is supported by the resolution of the Prussian Court, the loyalty of the Prussian military, and the habitual inertness of the Prussian nation. NAPOLEON III. speaks to Europe in the name of a spirited army, and of an ambitious, overbearing, and revolutionary mob. The British Ministry can only take a line broad enough and plain enough to be thoroughly suited to the tastes and faculties of men who ask nothing from a Continent of which they know but little, except to be left alone. To say that England has determined henceforward never to interfere abroad would be to mislead spectators. The real truth is that she is not likely to interfere unless for some cause which comes home to the heart and comprehension of the nation. A cause may be a thoroughly good one, and yet may not achieve this. On the other hand, a worse cause may effect it in a moment. The apparent inconsistency will continue to perplex diplomatic schools; but it is in reality a testimony to the honesty of the country, and to the vitality of its constitutional liberties.

THE RUSSIAN BUDGET.

THE practice of publishing annual budgets is so novel itself, as almost to disarm criticism, but it must be confessed that the document recently issued by the Russian Minister is more valuable as a respectful homage to the demands of public opinion than for any information to be derived from it. Those who contemplate dealings with the Russian Government are naturally anxious to know how far it is habitually exceeding its income, and what is the state and progress of its debt. Nothing of this kind can be discovered from what is called the Budget of 1865. The estimated revenue and expenditure for 1864 are carefully compared with the estimates for the ensuing year, but no information whatever is given as to the actual expenditure which has been incurred. An existing deficit is quite as serious when caused by unforeseen, as when produced by estimated, outlay, and it would be interesting to know how far the military expenditure in Poland and Circassia has exceeded the levies which it has been possible to draw from confiscation of the property of the unfortunate inhabitants of those subjugated provinces. It is not likely that, in a country where the revenue is so little elastic as in Russia, the actual deficit has been below the calculated amount, and it is admitted that the year 1864 was commenced with estimates which provided an income of about 55,500,000*l.* to meet an anticipated expenditure (including extraordinary military and naval expenses) of nearly 63,000,000*l.*, leaving an estimated deficit of more than 7,000,000*l.* In 1865 the Minister hopes to fare better. By some slight natural improvements, and by additional taxation upon spirits, it is expected that the revenue will be raised to 56,000,000*l.*, while the cessation of the drain for warlike operations will, it is hoped, bring down the expenditure to 59,500,000*l.*, thus reducing the deficit for 1865 to one-half of that calculated for the previous year. These figures are not very encouraging, but it is by no means certain that they tell the whole truth, and it would surprise no one to find that the real excess of expenditure in the past year was something much more considerable than the anticipated 7,000,000*l.*

The rate of progress of the national debt of any country, when it can be accurately discovered, serves very well to test the annual budgets; but it is not easy to ascertain with exactness what the present position of the floating debt of Russia is, and we have already said that the Budget affords no assistance to any one who is curious enough to enter upon such an inquiry. The following figures, however, are believed to be not much in error. At the beginning of 1864 the funded debt, which before the Crimean campaign stood at 64,000,000*l.*, had risen to 110,000,000*l.*, while the floating debt, almost all of recent creation, reached the formidable sum of 24,000,000*l.*, making the total debt about 134,000,000*l.* Since that time a loan of 6,000,000*l.* has been negotiated, and Treasury bonds have been issued to about the same amount, and to cover the expected deficit of 1865 it is proposed to issue about 2,000,000*l.* more. This will leave the funded debt at 116,000,000*l.*, and the floating debt at 32,000,000*l.*, showing an increase of debt, beyond the amount incurred up to the end of 1863, of 14,000,000*l.* If these figures are accurate, there must be some important deficiency beyond the 10,500,000*l.* calculated for the two years by the published estimates.

If we pass from the broad results to the details given in the Budget, we find very little to relieve the gloom which seems to rest on the finances of Russia. There is none of that marvellous growth of revenue which in England and France is expected almost as a matter of course. The land revenue is falling, as a consequence of the abolition of serfdom. The Customs duties are less than they were in 1863, either from a diminution of consumption or an increase of smuggling. Some loss, too, has been incurred by the removal of export duties on raw cotton and other commodities. The licenses and fees which gauge the state of commerce also show a diminution, while the only items on the other side of the estimate are about 800,000*l.* raised by additional spirit duties, and some smaller sums derived from less important items of revenue. It has apparently become obvious to the Russian Government that equilibrium can only be restored by a reduction of military expenditure. Now that Poland and Circassia are crushed, it is proposed to reduce the army and navy expenditure by 4,500,000*l.*, though even this saving leaves a deficit of 3,500,000*l.* to be met in 1865, and will only be effectual as a financial measure if it is followed by still more vigorous pruning hereafter. This, however, the Minister hopes to effect, and, in a country as poor

as Russia now is, it is the only course by which the gravest embarrassments can be escaped.

The enumeration of deficits, and the history of the progress of debt, are far from exhausting the troubles with which a Russian financier has to contend. As is almost always the case, the accumulation of debt has been accompanied by the issue of inconvertible notes to such an extent as seriously to derange the circulating medium. It is argued, with some plausibility, that the comparative barbarism of the Russian Empire exempts it to a certain extent from the ordinary consequences of a redundant currency. Throughout the greater part of the dreary regions which acknowledge the supremacy of the CZAR, the common resources of credit are unknown. In the absence of banks, whatever passes for currency is hoarded by ignorant peasants, and scarcely less ignorant proprietors. All the ingenious contrivances by which a limited amount of circulating coin or notes is made in more civilized States to supply the wants of an almost unlimited commerce are unknown in Russia, except in the great commercial centres, and the consequence is that a very restricted trade requires a much larger amount of circulating medium than is needed by the most energetic commercial nations in the world. Nevertheless, large as is the capacity of the huge Empire of Russia, the Government has long since contrived to flood it with more irredeemable notes than it can absorb. The old device was begun by CATHERINE II., by an issue of no more than 3,000,000*l.*; but every war has driven the Government to resort to the same dangerous expedient, and after the great Continental struggle in the beginning of the century, Russia was groaning under the burden of an issue of 100,000,000*l.* of inconvertible notes. Confiscation, under the name of special taxation and financial arrangements, was tried for many years as a means of reducing the unmanageable circulation; but fresh necessities continually arose, and after the Crimean contest there were once more 120,000,000*l.* of notes in circulation. Since that time a series of half-intelligible transactions with the Imperial Bank have been adopted, in the hope of restoring the value of the paper money. Loan after loan has been contracted, ostensibly for this purpose; and the last operation by which about 6,000,000*l.* was raised was avowedly intended to redeem the superfluous notes. Other demands, however, of a more urgent character swallowed up these resources, and at this moment the state of the Russian currency is worse than it has ever been before. It is said that within the last few years an intelligent Russian officer, who was asked to accept the office of Minister of Finance, replied that only a genius or a fool would undertake the responsibility, and that, being neither one nor the other, he preferred to decline the proffered honour. Whether the actual Minister fulfils either of these conditions remains to be proved, but as yet he has made little head against a sea of troubles, and the only thing to be said in his favour is that he does seem to be aware that rigid economy is the sole policy by which the threatening financial embarrassment can be averted.

An economical Minister under an absolute Emperor has a very up-hill fight of it, as M. FOULD knows to his cost in France, and it is far from certain that the parsimony which is essential to save the finances of Russia will be accepted by a ruler who has been trained to believe in the possibility of everything which he may desire. The present Emperor of Russia has shown himself capable of large views, and his emancipation policy has been cordially welcomed by every free State, and by the subjects of some of the despotic Governments of Europe. But a grand reform of this kind, however it may tend to the ultimate prosperity of the country, has the immediate effect of impoverishing the Treasury; and unless money can be secured by abstinence from domestic and foreign wars, there is no possibility of Russia recovering the strong financial position which she enjoyed during the reign of NICHOLAS. Every step towards freedom will lead to increased expenditure on a score of neglected subjects of central administration; and without internal and external peace the Muscovite Empire will be in danger of sinking to the position of one of the insolvent countries of the world. There is still ample time to avert this catastrophe, but only at the cost of abandoning all schemes of territorial aggrandizement. The progress of wealth in a half-civilized country must of necessity be somewhat slow, and one more serious war would complete the collapse of Russian credit which was almost brought about by the last attempt to absorb the dominions of the SULTAN. For strictly defensive purposes, Holy Russia is perhaps as strong, or almost as strong, as ever. The fanatical loyalty of the people would supply a force which, like the love of liberty in the Confederate States, might be proof against financial difficulties, even though the currency

should be depreciated, as it has been in Richmond, by 2,000 per cent.; but without some such special stimulus it would be vain for the EMPEROR to attempt hostilities on a large scale, even if he were more disposed to such a course than he has yet shown himself to be. Financial weakness is an almost insuperable barrier to aggressive ambition, and in a poor country like Russia, a growing debt, a redundant currency, and a series of deficits may be accepted as the most effectual pledges to the maintenance of peace. If her weakness for evil should confirm her in the pursuit of domestic reforms, she may in the end be a greater gainer from the unbalanced state of her budgets than if she were tempted by prosperity to resume the career of ambition which has apparently been checked, first by a disastrous war, and since by the absolute necessity of remodelling a society some centuries in arrear of modern civilization. There is every reason to suppose that the Emperor ALEXANDER correctly appreciates his position, and, if so, the warmest friends of Russia need not be overmuch downcast at the unsatisfactory accounts which are all that her Ministers are as yet able to render of her financial position.

THE MALT-TAX.

AT a meeting which was held at Leicester, a few days ago, to promote the repeal of the Malt-tax, the tenant-farmers, and perhaps some of the landlords, appear to have been in earnest. As Lord CURZON observed, the opponents of the tax in the Midland counties "may be equalled in gentlemanly feeling, but they cannot be surpassed"; and Lord CURZON himself proceeded to illustrate the character of the body which he represented by a display of that nonchalant ignorance and indifference which, in plays and stories of a certain order, are supposed to become a gentleman. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might ask, he said, what tax should be imposed to supply the deficiency of revenue which would be caused by the abolition of the Malt-tax; but he saw no need for answering the question, because that was the CHANCELLOR's business, and not the business of himself or of the meeting. Mr. GLADSTONE would no doubt be perfectly willing that the whole matter should be referred to his own superior judgment and exclusive knowledge, for if he stated, after full consideration, that no substitute could be provided, any further pressure from opponents who had previously avowed their own incompetence would be inconsistent with the gentlemanly feeling which distinguishes the Midland counties. Lord JOHN MANNERS, who is older and more experienced than Lord CURZON, adroitly anticipated the objection that what was taken off malt would probably be imposed upon income. Judiciously assuming that, at the worst, the Income-tax would only be maintained at its present rate, Lord JOHN recommended that both imposts should be simultaneously and gradually reduced. His own objections to the Malt-tax are principally founded on the immorality which is supposed to be fostered in beershops, and in a fine vein of irony he sarcastically denied that theft or poaching had ever been promoted by the excise on paper. It is perfectly true that beershops are not schools of virtue, and it is barely possible that, if beer were cheaper, a labourer might here and there be inclined to drink quietly at home; but, on the other hand, he would be more strongly attracted to his favourite haunt when he knew that he could get more for his money. No argument is needed to prove that it would be an advantage to cheapen beer, and Lord JOHN MANNERS is perfectly sincere in his benevolent aspirations; yet it is necessary to remember that the gentlemanly feelings of the Midland farmers are excited rather by a desire to sell more malt than by a wish that their workmen should drink more and better beer. Their motives are perfectly legitimate, but their hopes of profit are probably too sanguine, although one of the speakers asserted that it was impossible to exaggerate the importance of the required concession.

The managers of the Leicester meeting knew better than to trust their cause to the exclusive conduct of aristocratic philanthropists and professors of gentlemanly feeling. Lord JOHN MANNERS and Lord CURZON contributed the light and decorative part of the entertainment, but Sir FITZROY KELLY was prudently engaged to furnish the solid mass of resistance. The assembled farmers must have approved the wisdom of the selection, as they ruminated on their homeward journey over figures which sounded like statistics, and elaborate sentences which were dull enough for demonstrations. Since the famous speech in which Sir FITZROY KELLY proved that each schedule of the Income-tax was overcharged in proportion to all the others, no competitor has mimicked with the same unconscious gravity and severe

precision of manner the forms and gestures of economical reasoning. As theologians profess to discern the true Church by its possession of certain attributes which are technically known as "notes," various studies and sciences have also "notes" of their own by which they are popularly recognised. To superficial judgments the notes of political economy are dryness, diffuseness, and obscurity, and Sir FITZROY KELLY's speeches are as long, as tedious, and as unintelligible as if he were conveying recondite truths in scientific language. Farmers, like Englishmen in general, regard liveliness of humour with suspicion in all matters of business, and Sir FITZROY KELLY's most inveterate calumniators must admit that his speeches are not amusing. The substance of his argument was that free-trade was a bad thing because corn was cheap, and because cotton and wool, which happen to be extraordinarily dear, may be imported free of duty. Free-trade, however, would be a good thing if it were applied to malt; or, as another county member more idiomatically and less impressively observed, what was sauce for the goose, Protection, was also sauce for the gander, Malt. Sir FITZROY KELLY also soared, to the admiration of his audience, into the region of political ethics. To him the Malt-tax is especially obnoxious, because it involves a breach of Parliamentary faith by its continuance in time of peace, when it had been originally imposed for the support of a war. Mr. GLADSTONE condescended to a similar fallacy when he denounced a Government which he disliked for refusing in 1856 and 1857 to fulfil, by the repeal of various taxes, his own fiscal prophecies of 1853. Sir FITZROY KELLY has improved on the precedent by charging the Government and the House of Commons with breaking a promise which, according to his statement, was made in 1866. For a hundred and seventy years, eight Sovereigns, belonging to three dynasties, have been abetted by thirty or forty Chancellors of the Exchequer, and nearly as many Parliaments, in their fraudulent resistance to the just demands of barley. The Midland intellect, already absorbed in blind reverence for the political economist, must have sunk in prostrate wonder before the constitutional historian. The pleasure of being cheated is proverbially great, but few communities can boast that they have been systematically cheated for a hundred and seventy years. Another of Sir FITZROY KELLY's statements was more to the purpose. If it is true that a century and a half ago the consumption of beer was, in proportion to the numbers of the people, much larger than at present, the artificial dearthness of malt has probably something to do with the reduced demand. It must be remembered, however, that in the same period the use of tea and coffee has become universal.

The speakers at Leicester were, as might have been expected, unanimous in their contempt for Mr. GLADSTONE's permission to feed cattle with adulterated malt; and they deserve some credit for their ingenious assumption that the Bill is an admission of the debt of which it is scarcely a nominal instalment. The farmers cannot be expected to remember that the Bill of last Session was professedly justified by their own repeated allegations of a supposed grievance. Fearing that the argument deduced from beer would not be deemed conclusive, they had long rested their case, in a great measure, on the hardship of being prevented from fattening their beasts with malt. With characteristic knowledge of logic and unacquaintance with human nature, Mr. GLADSTONE sought to upset his antagonists by removing the fifth wheel which they had superfluously attached to their coach. By allowing them to put linseed in their malt, he has partially relieved himself from the charge of inflicting hunger on the ox as well as thirst on the deserving labourer; but to deprive a petitioner of an excuse for urgency is not to silence his demand. A dialectic parry to an argument is allowable in debate, but in the Statute-book it is out of place. Parliament ought, if possible, never to pass a Bill which is known to be unworkable. The farmers were so far in the right that the interference of excisemen with any commodity or process generally prevents useful secondary applications of the article which is taxed and watched. There is much difference of opinion as to the comparative feeding properties of malt and barley, but it would be obviously advantageous that the grain should be used at the discretion of the grower in its sprouted or unsprouted state.

The theoretical objections to the Malt-tax are sound, although there is no duty on consumption which does so little harm. As Mr. MILNER GIBSON remarked at Ashton, other articles of a similar character are taxed still more heavily; but, on the other hand, Excise duties are more inconvenient than taxes on imports. The abolition of the entire impost is thought to involve practical difficulties in addition to the loss

to the revenue. It is alleged that it would, for fiscal reasons, be necessary to protect wine against beer, although cider, which competes more directly with malt liquor, has, by its exemption from the days of WALPOLE, illustrated the advantages of slightly riotous agitation. Financiers also suggest that gin and whisky would enjoy an undue preference over rum and brandy, if the raw material of the indigenous beverages were relieved from a burden which was perhaps taken into consideration in the adjustment of the duties on spirits. Obstacles of this kind are more effectual in embarrassing a troublesome Opposition than in impeding a reform which a Minister has determined to accomplish. The real reason for raising six millions from malt is that six millions must be raised; nor is the complaint of public extravagance, which Mr. FREWEN and Mr. FERRAND have borrowed from Mr. CORDEN, material to the controversy. If the national expenditure were reduced by the amount of the Malt-duty, it would still be necessary to compare the different taxes which might appear as claimants for reduction or abolition. A tax retained is a tax imposed, and the loss of a large item of income would necessarily postpone for some years the removal of other charges on property and industry. In practice it may be said that the choice lies between the Malt-tax and fivepence in the pound on incomes, for, with the possible exception of the tax on Fire-insurance, there is no other tax which is equally likely to be affected by the existence or absence of a surplus. If the choice is fairly presented, both landowners and farmers would object to a direct payment far more strenuously than to an indirect tax which is paid by consumers. Even at Leicester, only the more zealous enemies of the Malt-tax recommended total and immediate repeal. The reduction of the duty would be advisable if there were reason to believe that the advantage would accrue to the retail purchaser, and that the increased consumption would consequently replace a considerable portion of the loss to the revenue. At present, the brewers derive almost exclusive benefit from every reduction in the price in barley, and there is reason to believe that, from the peculiar character of their trade, they would be able to intercept the whole, or the greater part, of any percentage which might be taken off the duty. No traders are more respectable, but, as it is also happily certain that none are richer, it would not be worth the while of the Treasury to impoverish itself for the sake of the great manufacturers of beer. The subject, however, will bear discussion; and, if the result of the inquiry is favourable to the wishes of the farmers, some Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon find it his duty or his interest to concede a portion of their demands.

THE COURT OF APPEAL IN SPIRITUAL CASES.

THE Bishop of LONDON's "Preface" has come opportunely, if only for the purpose of dispelling that blind faith in Bishops which has made such curious progress in the minds of some prominent members of the Church of England during the past autumn. It may seem to be impolite in lay speakers or journalists to tell the Bishops that they are not infallible. But, when one of their own number comes forward and voluntarily a disclaimer of the prerogative, it would be equally impolite to disagree with him. It is to be hoped that a Bishop may be generally admitted to be a trustworthy witness to his own fallibility. At least no severer blow to his infallibility could be conceived than his being deceived upon such a point. Probably the divines against whom the Bishop argues in this Preface would reply that they have never dreamed of asserting anything so absurd as the infallibility of the English Bishops. Yet this is the only theory upon which their demand for an episcopal Court of Appeal is even intelligible. If Bishops are likely to be better judges in spiritual suits than lawyers, it must be because they have a greater fitness for the office. That superior fitness must be either natural or supernatural. Any one who will read over the names of the present Bench of Bishops will require no argument to prove to him that, if the superior fitness exists, it does not arise out of natural causes—such as superior learning or acumen. It can only, then, be by some supernatural warrant that their judgments can be of more value than those of lawyers. The strongest partisans of an episcopal Court of Appeal wince a little at this inevitable conclusion. It is only a very robust and hardy faith that can discern supernatural illumination in the Bishops appointed by Lord PALMERSTON during the brief period when he was a Man of GOD. But the agitators seem to have got into their minds that there is a kind of modified infallibility, which may be and often is deceived, but which, as a matter of etiquette, must be treated as if it were always right. It scarcely needs to be pointed out that there can be no degrees of infallibility. It must be complete, or entirely absent. And,

unless the Bishops are endowed with it, their claim to form a part of any Court of Appeal must rest exclusively upon the frail reed of their own personal qualifications. If there is anything supernatural about the decisions of a bishop, they must be infallible, unless we assume that that which comes from heaven can be false. If he is not infallible, then there is nothing supernatural about his decisions, and his office gives to them in itself no greater value than would the office of any other ecclesiastical or lay functionary.

This delusion, that there is something about a bishopric which fits a man to perform judicial duties for which he would be otherwise incompetent, clouds the reason of a great many excellent men. If it could be dispelled, the question of the Court of Appeal could be settled very easily. Probably it would not be so tenacious of life if it were not rooted in some strong feeling. The Bishop of London touches upon the true source of the idea when he dwells upon the inherent unfitness of all legislative bodies, whether in lay or spiritual matters, to undertake judicial functions. An Episcopal Court of Appeal is supported really for its legislative, and not for its judicial, qualifications. The secret hope of those who ask for it is, not that it will interpret the existing law with rigid accuracy, but that it will slip in a little new law of a more acceptable pattern than the old. Those who entertain this wish disguise it not only from others, but from themselves, by professing merely to desire that the true doctrine of the Church shall be delivered by the Church's own officers. They persist in forgetting that the judges of the present Court of Appeal sit for no other purpose than to interpret certain statutes, and that "the true doctrine of the Church" has not yet been imposed upon the clergy by any Act of Parliament. So to impose it would be to make new law, and therefore to pervert the most elementary functions of a tribunal. The Bishop of London wisely points out that an unrestricted power given to a majority of prelates to declare the true doctrine of the Church in every litigated case, and to give to that declaration the force of law, would tend to nothing but an interperine war of theological parties. The particular party which is pressing for such a change shows very little foresight in its prayer. The dominant opinions upon the Bench of Bishops will be determined in the long run by the Ministers to whom the appointments to bishoprics may fall; and the agitators may easily convince themselves by a hasty historical retrospect, whether leading English statesmen have very generally been favourable to clerical supremacy in politics, or to high sacerdotal doctrines in theology. They are enthusiastically trying to forge for themselves a chain, whose weight they will only find out when it is irrevocably riveted. Lawyers, however appointed, will be in the main impartial, because indifferent; but an Episcopal legislature, appointed by the leader of the majority in the House of Commons, and invested with unlimited power of ousting those whom it may dislike through the machinery of a Court of Appeal, will unquestionably make short work of the successors of Dr. PUSEY and Mr. KEBLE.

It is not likely that Parliament will so far retrograde to the doctrines of the worst politicians of the worst times as to place judicial powers in legislative hands. The Bishop of London's able exposure of such a proposal was unnecessary except to prevent a considerable number of estimable clergymen from putting themselves into a ridiculous position. The proposal to withdraw the episcopal assessors from the present Court, and simultaneously to allow the Upper House of Convocation to declare what is the doctrine of the Church upon the points at issue, is one whose value entirely depends upon the interpretation given to it. What is the word "declare" to mean? Is it to be a mere declaration, uttered to vindicate the reputation of the Church from complicity in any doctrine which a legal accident may have made tenable within her pale, but from which the majority of her members revolt? If the word means no more than this, the point is not worth discussing. Such a declaration needs no authority from Parliament. It is perfectly legal at this moment. Any subjects of HER MAJESTY may meet and declare anything they like, short of treason; and the Bishops are under no special disability in this respect. But if the declaration is to have the force of law, the proposal would simply hand over to the Bishops of any particular period the power of altering at their will, without the consent of QUEEN, or Parliament, or people, or clergy, all the formularies upon which the constitution of the Church reposes. It would lie in the discretion of some fifteen men whether the Church of England should wake up any morning and find herself Roman Catholic or Unitarian.

Satisfied with proving that the Court of Appeal is to be a

Court, and not a Synod, the Bishop of London does not go deeply into the question of the constitution of the Court. He does not touch at all upon the grievance, which has been widely felt among the most moderate men, that it is a Court called upon to decide on questions which are eminently political, and yet is exposed more than any other Court to the action of the political influence of the party that happens to be in power. The judges are selected for each case. The process by which the selection is made is not open to public view. It is currently asserted that it is made in each case by the Lord President, who is, of course, a politician; but it is hardly possible to believe that so gross an abuse has been permitted in this age. Certain it is, that in more than one case of importance, there have been, among the judges selected, remarkable insertions, and equally conspicuous omissions, upon which angry comment has been made. The objectionable presidency of the Lord Chancellor has been brought into special prominence by the unfortunate personal bearing of the present occupant of that office. The remarkable change of characters between the New Palace of Westminster and the Council Chamber at Whitehall is of itself calculated to create scandal; for it is not edifying to see the man who stood up yesterday as Minister to attack the ecclesiastical party to which he may happen to be politically opposed, sitting to-day as judge to decide a cause between that party and its antagonists. Much of the present agitation is due, no doubt, to that unfortunate rule of the Court of Appeal which has had the effect of entrusting the composition of the judgment to the Lord Chancellor alone; and no reform will be satisfactory which does not cleanse the Court of the political element which inevitably throws distrust upon its decisions. Whether the episcopal element shall be retained is a less important question. The Bishop of London defends its presence, on the ground that the lawyers need "the assistance of professional theologians." He must, however, have been perfectly conscious that this plea reposed upon a graceful fiction, and not upon any solid argument.

PRUSSIA.

HERR VON BISMARCK has probably found of late additional grounds for the opinion of his Sovereign's character and abilities which he is said to express with a freedom unusual in a courtly statesman. While the Minister is studying the aggrandisement of Prussia and the exaltation of the Royal prerogative at home, the KING is apparently planning a kind of Holy Alliance with the Austrian Court on principles which are partly sentimental and principally military. The mission of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES is supposed to have been equally unpalatable to the Cabinets of Berlin and of Vienna. It was understood that the negotiations with which he was entrusted were entirely personal, and the Royal envoy himself ostentatiously professed his ignorance of vulgar political topics. It is not surprising that a prince who is principally known by his bombastic bulletins should be so far intoxicated by the cheap glories of the Schleswig campaign as to fancy himself a great soldier. The Prussians are not likely to forget that the military cockcomby of Prince LOUIS was a principal cause of the war which was decided at Jena, and of the subsequent dismemberment of the Kingdom. FREDERICK WILLIAM III. was dragged unwillingly into war by his courtiers, his generals, and his ambitious kinsmen; but WILLIAM I. seems disposed to employ Prince FREDERICK CHARLES as an instrument of his own personal power. The able Ministers of absolute Kings have often to groan over the conceit of puppets who fancy that they are alive. Count MENSDOERFF and Herr VON SCHMERLING are exposed to similar difficulties in managing the Emperor of AUSTRIA, for whenever it becomes especially desirable to conciliate the Council of the Empire, the irresponsible military Cabinet or Staff is in the habit of thwarting the Emperor's political advisers. On the whole, however, a representative system seems to thrive in Austria better than in Prussia; and it may even be advantageous that the Ministers should find in the Parliament an occasional counterpoise to the irregular influences which sway the Court. While the Prussian tribunals impose heavy punishments on inhabitants of Posen for treason committed, not against their own Government, but against Russia, the Austrian Ministers have declared, in answer to an Address from the Council of the Empire, that all the Galician prisoners will be immediately released. The measure is satisfactory, both on account of the liberal tendencies which it indicates, and as a proof that no intimate union has been re-established with Russia. The occasional collisions between the Lower House and the Government afford another proof

of the vitality of the constitutional system. A violent breach with the Council of the Empire would produce national bankruptcy, if it involved no more violent catastrophe. Prussian patriots must sometimes almost regret that their own Treasury is habitually solvent.

No approximation to an understanding between the Crown and the Parliament has thus far been effected at Berlin. The House of Nobles has responded to the Royal Speech in an enthusiastic Address, which, in defiance of propriety and of precedent, contains a censure on the contumacious Deputies. The Prussian Upper House fails to understand that its weight in the country by no means corresponds to the social privileges of its members. The Lords are not mere courtiers who echo the Royal will, but their connexion with the army, and their dislike of popular institutions, make them parties in the present dispute. Even in England, the Peers, with all their vast property, their social influence, and their traditional greatness, comprehend the necessity of yielding to the opinion of the Lower House on all important questions; and if the Crown were unfortunately engaged in a dispute with the Commons, the leaders of the House of Lords would set aside all prejudices of their own for the purpose of promoting a reconciliation. Herr von BISMARCK, who understands the political arrangements of foreign countries better than the necessities of his own, has repeatedly urged upon the Opposition the truth that a system which requires the co-operation of three equal powers can only be worked by incessant compromises. His error consists in the assumption that the representatives of the people must in all cases give way to the Crown. The business of a Constitutional Minister is to render collision impossible by securing the previous assent of Parliament to the policy which is afterwards to be offered for its sanction. The confidence of the majority places the Government at its case, and if the Assembly exercises sovereign control, as in England, the Ministers ought to be its natural leaders. In France, where the Legislative Body plays a humbler part, the same object is attained by the control which the Government exercises over the elections. It is impossible that a King and a hostile Chamber should remain in permanent antagonism. Unless some new course of policy is adopted, the Constitution will be forcibly suspended; and even if the nation submits for the time to the encroachment, the entire work of creating a representative system must be commenced from the beginning, with little hope of beneficial results. The Minister seems to have learned so much wisdom from experience as to abstain from the idle insults which he formerly offered to the obnoxious Deputies. The success of his external policy has perhaps inclined him to favour the restoration of domestic harmony; and even in announcing his resolution to disregard the wishes of the House, he states in apologetic language that the present Cabinet is not responsible for the military system which it found in operation. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR declares that it is impossible for the KING to abandon his military reforms, and that the House must therefore test the extent of its powers by voting or rejecting the Budget. It is certain that Constitutional Ministers would use different language, but the servants of an absolute monarch would adopt a more arbitrary tone. The House of Deputies, on the other side, has, by abstaining from the presentation of an Address, adopted the most temperate course which is consistent with the maintenance of its inherent rights. It is necessary to convince the Government, if possible, that the issue is not between two years and three years of military service, but between the unlimited prerogative of the Crown and the right of Parliament to supervise the whole system of administration. The PRIME MINISTER at least is acute enough to appreciate the nature of the controversy, although he may be irrevocably opposed to a popular solution.

Herr von BISMARCK's explanation of the alliance with Austria is remarkable and novel. He says that any other course of policy would have made the late war a war between the Federal Diet and Denmark. The Confederacy would in that case have entrusted the conduct of the war to Prussia, "but would not have taken into consideration our plans for the organization of the Duchies, as does Austria, who is 'friendly to us.'" It might have been supposed that Prussia would have been even less effectually checked by the Diet than by the Austrian Government; but possibly the opposition of Austria would have produced embarrassment. The Ministerial statement is evidently intended to encourage the Prussian desire for the annexation of the Duchies, or at least for entire supremacy over their political and military relations. The Diet would not have impeded the succession of the rightful

heir, and Austria is now expected to assent to some arrangement which will be more advantageous to Prussia. The KING, who formerly supported the AUGUSTENBURG claim, may perhaps have persuaded himself that the aggrandizement of the monarchy would make the Crown so popular that the Parliamentary Opposition would be silenced; but the Minister ought to be aware that projects for extending Prussian power in Germany offer favourable opportunities to the supporters of representative institutions. The princes will never consent willingly to be mediatised; and the national party, which might acquiesce in the extension of a liberal Prussian monarchy, is as much pledged to the cause of freedom as to the unity of Germany. Although Prussia is at present in the ascendant, the ancient rivalry with Austria may at any moment be revived, and it would be dangerous to present to the German people the contrast between military despotism at Berlin and constitutional government at Vienna. The disposition of the Court to institute a separate diplomacy of its own necessarily suggests to an ambitious Minister the expediency of looking to the country for support. The honest scruples of the KING in dealing with the rights of princes are not unlikely to interfere with schemes for the extension of Prussian power; but the rest of the nation, with perhaps the exception of a portion of the nobility, is unanimous in its desire for aggrandizement. The officers of the army, though they are generally reactionary in their political opinions, share in the excitement which has been caused by their little victories in the North. It would probably be worth the while of the Prussian Government to become popular at home, in Germany, and in foreign countries, by the same policy of judicious concession to the rightful demands of the House of Deputies. Kings, however, like Popes, often prefer the assertion of their absolute sovereignty over their own subjects to the acquisition of new adherents. The chances are, on the whole, unfavourable to the compromise which each disputant recommends at the expense of the other.

THE DIVORCE COURT.

IT is not only in the length of its processes that the Divorce Court and its annals repeat the slippery tales of BOCCACCIO. CHETWYND v. CHETWYND reproduces the *Decameron*, not only in time, but in substance. We are not disposed to analyse this famous and especially offensive case, since it is only a very ordinary record of frailty, sin, indecency, and adultery, without the least romance about it. But the suit has its value, because it seems to have awakened certain suspicions as to the value of that change in the law which has facilitated divorce. In the first place, it begins to be suggested that the Court does not work quite satisfactorily. There is more business to be done than there are heads and hands to do it. The number of applicants for release from matrimonial trammels begins to appal even the most zealous patrons of the new law. The twenty or thirty annual suitors who were contemplated by the advocates of easy and cheap divorce have been multiplied by ten, and the boon to the poor has turned out to be an especial luxury for the rich. The old system was justly objected to for its costliness and dilatoriness, and more especially because it imposed on the suitor for a divorce the necessity of proving his scandalous case three times over before as many distinct tribunals. But it would be very difficult to say what we have gained in these respects. A suit which may occupy ten days, which employs three or four counsel on each side, and which may be repeated by applications, not always unsuccessful, for a new trial, can scarcely be said to be a measure of cheap and accessible justice. The worst fears of those who, in the interests of public morality, deprecated a change in the marriage laws, have been realized by the prolixity of the details which the practice of the new Court encourages or requires; and, while the action for *crim. con.* was condemned because it involved a disgusting inquiry into a single matter of fact, we have exchanged it for a long and minute investigation into all the hidden particulars of a whole life of incontinence and vice. It was bad enough to get ourselves familiarized with the annals of the brothel and the mysteries of the keyhole; but it is worse that, without having lost these contributions and aids to public morality, we are now-a-days invited to the perusal of the amatory diaries and salacious confessions of incipient guilt, and are taught the art of guilty love and the practice of adultery through all its stages. In the action for *crim. con.* the issue was usually one of mere legal evidence, whether, at a given time or place, certain alleged facts took place. In the suit for divorce, adultery has often to be inferred, and this inference can only

be sustained by the most minute inquiry into thoughts and secret intentions, into the possibilities and probabilities of incontinence. In other words, we are now familiarized with all the subtle processes of intrigue. Adultery is taught as a science; we are invited to survey its rise and progress, with the safeguards and dangers of assignments and intrigue; and a very edifying manual *in usum studentium* might be constructed from the exuberant annals of the new Court, showing how illicit love may be most safely conducted by avoiding the mistakes, and profiting by the successes, of the most eminent professors of vice.

The plea upon which facilities were given to divorce was, of course, that of public policy, and in this aspect the case of CHETWYND v. CHETWYND is an illustrative one. Even the indurated experience of the Judge-Ordinary was startled by the strange issue which the matter presented. "Surely this is a very odd case. . . One could well understand a wife charged with adultery saying, 'I was not guilty of adultery, but if 'I was, you were guilty too; and I will expose your guilt 'in order that you may not get a divorce.' But it was a very odd case when the sexes were reversed. Here was a wife saying, 'Divorce me'; and here was a husband saying, 'Even if the charges against me are true, do not divorce me, because my wife has herself committed adultery.' That was a very odd state of things, because there must be some 'motive for it.' We agree with Sir JAMES WILDE. It is a very odd state of things, and a state of things which does not conduce to public morality. Under the old law, it would have been impossible. As the law now stands, we cannot see that anything is gained even by the parties themselves. Mrs. CHETWYND, it is true, is released from her husband, but at what a cost! Her frailty before marriage, her unfeminine and horsey life during marriage, and her violent and passionate love for another, have all been proved before a jury. If she has succeeded in showing that her husband was coarse and unfeeling, foul in language and conduct, and capable even of personal violence, she has at the same time drawn a melancholy picture of herself. In one sense, of course, there is a moral in this vile life-history. A marriage commenced under auspices where there could be no mutual respect ought, by the stern rule of all morality, to turn out an unfortunate and miserable one; but the question is not so much where the balance of misconduct prevails, as whether anything is gained by the dissolution of so ill-assorted an union. We believe that the verdict of the jury on the matters of fact is unassailable. There seems to be no reason to doubt that Mr. CHETWYND was guilty both of adultery and of cruelty, though it may be questioned whether such legal cruelty was proved as would have satisfied the grudging and parsimonious definitions laid down by such a judge as Lord STOWELL; and we are satisfied that Mrs. CHETWYND's adultery was not proved. No fault, therefore, can be found with the verdict. Given the present state of the law, and the result of the trial is what nobody can object to. But another question arises, whether a perilous precedent has not been set. Another CHETWYND couple may arise, and a quiet understanding may be established, from the study of Mrs. CHETWYND's success, between another ill-assorted pair. All that the husband will have to do will be to intrigue wholesale with the spider-brushers of his household, and to manage that some of his very full-flavoured amatory effusions to these interesting young ladies should fall into his wife's hands, whose collusion in the plot may be successfully concealed. A little popular and quasi-legal cruelty—which, as in this case, need not go beyond gross indignities, and certainly need not amount to peril of life or limb—may be submitted to for the substantial benefit of release; and a wife whose heart, though not her person, is another's, may learn what she had better not have learned from Mrs. CHETWYND's successful appeal to Sir J. WILDE. This is the real danger of such a case. A woman wearied of the shackles of matrimony need not be a Mrs. CHETWYND to profit by her perilous example; and it would not require a dissatisfied husband to follow Mr. CHETWYND in his career of vulgar vice, in order to obtain a release which he secretly longed for, and for which adultery with a housemaid, and the consequent exposure, might not, on a calculation, be found a price too heavy.

Nor is this the only unsatisfactory reflection which this particular case suggests. The working of the Court begins to be canvassed. New trials are moved for, bills of exceptions are tendered, the rules and practice of the Court are vague and unsettled, and the confidence which had slowly begun to grow under Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL's presidency has scarcely been retained. Opposite principles have been laid down; and the only solitary point of practice that can be extracted from the chaos is that relief, as it is called, is to

be extended as widely as possible to petitioners. The two most recent and, in many senses, most offensive cases seem to have established conflicting principles. There are several points of identity, and one of contrast, between CODRINGTON v. CODRINGTON and CHETWYND v. CHETWYND. In both cases it was attempted to establish the wife's adultery by inferential proof. In both cases the lady's literary productions were brought up against her. But with very different results. Mrs. CODRINGTON writes a very suspicious letter to Colonel ANDERSON, and the jury were charged to view the matter as "men of the world." The Judge-Ordinary, as he himself observed on the recent motion for a new trial, could not help the jury laying great stress on the letter—as they well might do, considering that his Lordship himself had presented it to their notice in its popular rather than its legal aspect. Mrs. CHETWYND, again, in her private diary, commits herself to meditations on her unhallowed love for Mr. MATTHEWS; but here the lady's *étude érotique* is pronounced to be no evidence at all. It proved that Mrs. CHETWYND was in love with Mr. MATTHEWS, but it proved no more. This was certainly the legal aspect of the matter. But it is quite plain that the two amatory documents were presented by the Court to the jury under totally different aspects. Sir JAMES WILDE's "man of the world" view would as certainly condemn Mrs. CHETWYND—and, for the matter of that, Mr. MATTHEWS too—as it condemned Mrs. CODRINGTON and Colonel ANDERSON. On the other hand, the strictly legal view would have as effectually relieved Colonel ANDERSON as it did (and properly) exculpate Mr. MATTHEWS. All this tends to puzzle and confound people. Indeed, the Court itself seems puzzled, and not to be sure of its own grounds. On the application for a new trial in the CODRINGTON case, the Judge-Ordinary seemed almost to doubt whether he, or at least the jury, had not made too much of Mrs. CODRINGTON's letter. And certainly too much was made of it, if nothing was to be made of Mrs. CHETWYND's impassioned diary. Nor is this a point of only passing or special interest. Ladies of a certain cast of temper and passion seem to be proficient in literary composition. Both Mrs. CODRINGTON and Mrs. CHETWYND write remarkably well. It may become a fashion with the sex to practise in amatory exercises, merely for the luxury of composing in impassioned language; and though it was formerly reserved for poets to address only ideal CHLOES and visionary LUCASTAS, it now becomes a matter of public concern to assign a legal as well as a literary value to the private erotic compositions of married ladies. Whatever discredit these burning rhapsodies may entail on the writers themselves, it is a matter of some consequence to know their legal effect upon the objects of these secret meditations. And, as far as evidence goes, there is no more proof that Colonel ANDERSON ever received Mrs. CODRINGTON's letter than there is that Mr. MATTHEWS was cognizant of the contents of Mrs. CHETWYND's diary. Besides which, when we know that there are women now-a-days who are rather disappointed than not if they escape without insult the perils of a railway carriage, it is by no means a pleasant speculation to the unprotected male whether he may or may not become a correspondent simply because a married lady thinks proper to make him the subject of her imitations of ELOISA, or to meditate upon him as the LOTHARIO of her writing-desk.

AMERICA.

IT seems probable that the Federal Government will prosecute the war without intermission during the remainder of the winter, and throughout the spring. General BUTLER, the last civilian general in active service, has been removed from command, and it is believed that a more formidable expedition will be immediately despatched against Wilmington. General THOMAS is said to have called in all his garrisons, and to have collected 40,000 men in the north-eastern corner of the State of Mississippi, and it is supposed that, in concert with the naval and military commanders at New Orleans, he will soon advance through Alabama to attack Mobile. He will at least be able to prevent Hood's shattered army from enjoying the repose which it must require, and he will effectually shut out the South-Western States from any participation in the more decisive operations which are about to commence in the Carolinas. The movement against Richmond is suspended for the time, and both the hostile armies are expected to detach reinforcements for the attack or defence of Wilmington and Charleston. The main interest of the campaign is concentrated in the army of SHERMAN. As he has no equal opponent in the field, he is absolutely master of his own movements, and he can direct his efforts, at pleasure, to the siege of Augusta or to a direct

advance from Savannah or Port Royal upon Charleston. The nature of the country presents serious obstacles to the march of an army, but in the course of the past year SHERMAN has traversed equal distances with unvarying success. If the balance of forces which existed two years ago had not been materially altered, the Confederates, having a strictly defensive campaign to conduct, might reasonably hope to inflict a heavy disaster on the enemy; for the quality of their troops has not deteriorated, and they have still able generals in their service. But the continuance of the war has seriously affected their numerical strength, and the experience of the last year has shown that they can scarcely afford to engage in regular battles in the field. Their only considerable victories in 1864 were achieved by LEE in Virginia, for the exclusive purpose of covering his retreat upon Richmond. They will probably be able to maintain the defences both of Charleston and of Wilmington, against the Federal armies; but, should both places be invested with the aid of the fleet, the garrisons might possibly be reduced to the necessity of an ultimate surrender. As Charleston has already been besieged on its sea-front for more than a year and a half, it is useless to the Confederates as a port; but the capture of Wilmington, or the permanent occupation of its approaches by the Federal fleet, would be a graver misfortune. The rumour that General LEE has determined to leave BEAUREGARD to defend Richmond, while he advances in person to defend Charleston against SHERMAN, is perhaps only suggested by the popular estimate of the comparative importance of different points. The Confederate General-in-Chief is at present the only commander who can oppose to the most formidable of the Northern leaders an equal or superior reputation.

It is not surprising that the Confederate Government should consider seriously the expediency of bringing into the field, notwithstanding the risk of the experiment, a reserve which may possibly decide the contest in favour of the South. Confident predictions of the results which might follow the employment of a negro army are dictated only by the wishes or prejudices of different parties. It is certain that those who have the best means of forming a judgment have, up to the present time, regarded the project with extreme repugnance. The first business of the Confederate Congress, at its meeting two or three months ago, was to repudiate all intention of complying with the advice which had been already tendered by two or three Governors of States. The PRESIDENT, who is supposed to be favourable to the plan, has never given official expression to his opinion; and the letter in which General LEE is said to have asked for coloured reinforcements may not improbably be apocryphal. The danger of the attempt is rather political than military, for the discontent which even partial emancipation would create throughout the South might shake the foundations of the Confederacy. It is true that a Northern conquest would liberate the servile race under far more painful circumstances, and without any pretence of compensation; but those who are called upon for the most unwelcome act of self-denial, after making all other sacrifices to the common cause, are not unlikely to express their irritation by declaring that it is better to be ruined by an enemy than by a friend. It seems to be taken for granted that general emancipation must follow the grant of freedom to negro recruits. The consequence is not obvious to foreigners, but the journalists of Richmond must have a motive for treating the proposed measure as a great social revolution. If their counsels were supported by general opinion throughout the South, the fortunes of the war might still be retrieved; for the negroes will probably be faithful to their Government and their officers, and their numbers will repair the excessive waste of life which has been caused by the war. The hope that European recognition would ensue on the abolition of slavery is founded on insufficient knowledge. There is no doubt that much popular prejudice would be removed by emancipation; but England has withheld recognition, not because the South maintains negro slavery, but because it has not definitively succeeded in establishing its independence. A verbal acknowledgment of the legal existence of the Confederate Government would have been useless unless it had been followed by active assistance; and, notwithstanding the insolence of the North, there has been no sufficient motive or justification for engaging in war with the United States. The same arguments would survive the abolition of slavery, though the extinction of an offensive social anomaly might hereafter facilitate friendly relations.

The impolitic rudeness of the American Government renders it necessary for England to prepare for a possible rupture, and it would be more satisfactory to establish the independence

of the Confederacy after emancipation than before. Mr. SEWARD, in his despatch to Brazil, has announced, not for the first time, that his Government, arbitrarily overruling the principles of international law, claims to have a cause of war with every civilized State in the world. It is only against England that the right is likely to be enforced, and special notice has been long since given that, whenever it is thought expedient to take up the quarrel, an utterly inadmissible demand for damages sustained through the acts of the *Alabama* will be peremptorily preferred. As the Northern Americans hope to acquire a vast territory while gratifying their feeling of animosity to England, it seems imprudent on their part to alienate, by every kind of insult and annoyance, the population of Canada. The armament of a squadron on the Great Lakes is perhaps necessary as a preparation for the projected war; but the institution of passports, for the apparent purpose of inflicting personal inconvenience on Canadians, might have been thought a wanton affront. There is, however, always another side to the incivility of New England politicians. The passport system is intended to anticipate in its effects the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty, and it is perhaps designed almost as much against American traders who might wish to make purchases in Canada, as against English subjects entering the States. The only persons on the border who will be entirely exempt from its operations are the supposed Confederate partisans against whom it is professedly directed. The measure has apparently destroyed the faint remains of sympathy with the Federal cause which existed in Canada. A counter-system of passports will be established by the provincial authorities, and possibly the difficulties which are thrown in the way of reciprocal intercourse may create, even on the American side, a reaction against Protectionist patriotism.

Mr. LINCOLN is probably well advised in countenancing unauthorized negotiations for peace, although the Government of Richmond is still resolute in its refusal to submit. As the only terms which the United States will concede are perfectly well known to the South, the mere discussion of any project of peace tends to weaken the confidence of the different States in the firmness of their confederates. The Northern journals promote the policy of their Government by spreading constant rumours of the disunion or disaffection of various members of the hostile League. Although the Savannah meeting in favour of reunion appears to have been an imposture, it has since been stated, probably with still less foundation, that the Government of Georgia had entered into a friendly understanding with General SHERMAN; and it is now said that North Carolina, which probably contains some friends of the Union, has forwarded to Richmond a petition purporting to represent the wishes of the women of the State, proposing that overtures should be made to the Government at Washington. If the people of Georgia have been reclaimed to pacific sentiments by the practical arguments of SHERMAN, they can scarcely deserve to share the well-merited credit which the Confederates have earned by their extraordinary heroism. Virginia, which hesitated long before seceding from the Union, has suffered incomparably more than Georgia during the war. It was not till Mr. LINCOLN levied an army to avenge the capture of Fort Sumter that the Virginian Government abandoned its unavailing attempts to mediate between the North and the South. General LEE was offered the chief command of the Federal army immediately before he was compelled by a sense of duty to resign his commission, and to cast in his fortunes with the State to which, according to his own judgment, he owed primary allegiance. Georgia was more deeply implicated in the original quarrel, and the loyalty of the population to the State and to the Confederacy has never yet been doubted. There is more probability in the rumour that North Carolina is unsteady, although the neighbouring State of South Carolina is still, as at first, the most uncompromising champion of independence.

POETICAL BARONETS.

SOME time ago it was confidently asserted that Mr. Tennyson was about to accept a baronetcy. The report has since been contradicted on apparently better authority. Most people, we fancy, would have been sorry to hear it confirmed. It is not, indeed, for ordinary mortals to say confidently how, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, a man becomes qualified to be a baronet. If landed property, or charitable magnificence, or skill in medicine or in politics or in art, enables a man to wear the honour without absurdity, it is hard to mark out the limits between the capable and the incapable classes. A certain delicacy of taste is required to say whether claims derived from poetical

talent are incongruous with the vast mass of heterogeneous titles upon which baronets repose. We presume that, however ill-defined, some limits must exist; there must be some class of mankind beyond the reach of baronetcy; and, if we were to draw the line, we confess that we should draw it at poets. A latent sense of absurdity, of which we are dimly conscious in other claims, culminates when we mentally try to harmonize poems and baronetcies. The two ideas, if not contradictory inconceivables, are certainly mutually repellent. Bringing them in contact produces a jar, to our minds, such as we have felt on bestowing a shilling upon a guest instead of a waiter. If the precedent were established, we should soon expect the Victoria Cross to be given for a brilliant leading article. Audacious assertion frequently requires, it may be argued, as much courage as storming batteries; and, on the new principle, every class of merit would have an equal claim to all decorations.

It is, we admit, impossible formally to prove or to disprove the congruity of the merit and its reward. Some people apparently deny that any analogy should necessarily exist between the two. The public views as to honouring popular heroes are apt to take extravagant forms. Any compliment whatever paid to the objects of national respect seem to certain minds equally meritorious. Some years ago there was an outcry in the papers about the shocking tastelessness of the names of our men-of-war. We called our gun-boats Snapper, Snarler, Boxer, or Growler, and our first-rates Terrible, Thunderer, or Victory. The French, those never-failing models of good taste, showed their superiority by christening ships of war after distinguished men of science. Such names as the Maréngo or the Napoleon alternated gracefully with those of Arago, Herschel, or James Watt. The gentlemen who bewailed our blunder apparently thought that Nelson's death-scene would have been more appropriately enacted on board the Isaac Newton than on board the Victory. So long as the name of a great man was stuck up in public somewhere or other, they fancied that he must be receiving a delicate attention. When the Duke of Wellington died, some one suggested that we should build public lavatories, and call them after his name. In fact, the common theory of a monument is that it is a kind of posthumous advertisement. If you stick a man's name on to a railway station, or a benevolent institution, or the splashboard of a number of Hansom cabs, it becomes equally public. Hence the prevalent system of building a hospital or a church which was previously wanted, and calling it after the name of the man you profess to honour. You get some practical convenience, and the eponymous hero gets his puff. If the man is dead before he receives the homage, he fortunately cannot express his sentiments as to your ingenious method of obtaining at once pudding for yourself and praise for him; but whilst the recipients of our honours are alive, it is more important to convey it in the most delicate form. Those who distribute public prizes should study to make them as acceptable as may be. "Before you choke me with your praise, my dear madam," as Dr. Johnson delicately remarked, "you should consider what it is worth." Before we convert Mr. Tennyson into Sir Alfred, we should inquire whether it is such a compliment as is worthy of ourselves and of him. It may be that our sense of incongruity is merely due to the want of an exact precedent, and that custom will make it as natural for a Laureate to flower into a baronetcy as for a Chancellor to become a peer. If so, we need not add that a fitter instance for initiating the practice could hardly be found.

We think, however, that it is possible to assign better reasons than the vague assertion that it is in "bad taste," for the dislike felt by most people to the principle involved. We have an instinctive suspicion of titles conferred by authority. Any kind of Government interference in arranging poetical precedence seems to us to be exquisitely out of place. If the decoration is bestowed in advance of public opinion, it will generally be bestowed in the wrong quarter; if it is a mere recognition of the national verdict, it is a clumsy and invidious way of paying a useless compliment. That the critical discrimination of Ministers is not worthy of implicit trust, scarcely needs demonstration. There is no body of men in the country upon whom we could less rely for discovering and rewarding modest merit. Professional reviewers are generally credited with greater skill in ratifying an established reputation than in bringing rising genius to light, but their worst mistakes would be surpassed by the exercise of official acumen in such a dangerous path. We fear that the penetration which drew the Poet Close from his retirement would revel in new discoveries. University prize poems have a deservedly bad reputation, although their authors have not unfrequently been distinguished men. Whewell, Macaulay, Tennyson, Praed, and Bulwer are amongst the names of victorious candidates at Cambridge. The probable explanation of the phenomenon is that a readiness to make a fool of oneself in early life indicates that self-confidence which is one great element of literary, and indeed of all, success at a later period. University judges, at all events, decide with tolerable impartiality, and are well practised in the difficult art of examination, but a governmental endeavour to discharge a similar office would probably result in a very startling honour list of poetical merit. The whole question fortunately refers to a purely imaginary hypothesis. We do not feel quite certain that its realization may not be some day invoked by that remarkable school of reformers who consider that they have found a remedy for every evil when they say that Government ought to put it straight. But, for some time to come, we feel a tolerable security that Government will find enough to do in occasionally embarrassing art with its assistance, without ex-

tending its protection to poets. It is, therefore, only the other function of putting an official seal upon a well-established reputation that has to be considered. This is certainly a more plausible pretension. When a name is identified with the glories of our national literature, it is considered a graceful act to distinguish it by a title. It is a very natural and creditable feeling that some mark should be given of our national approbation whilst its object is still amongst us. We do not wish Englishmen of the twenty-first century to be speaking of the imbecility of their venerable ancestors in entertaining angels unawares. We have been so very hard upon the generation which left Milton in obscurity, that we wish to be effectually guarded against the sneers of our successors. We like to think that the Tories of the period, if any of that race are extant two centuries hence, will be able to say, "In the good old times they made their laureates baronets; the title" (for we will assume that hereditary distinction will survive for two centuries) "is still among us, and still confers honour upon its wearers." The sentiment is a respectable one, but we doubt its soundness. The circumstance to be regretted about Milton is not that he failed of being a baronet, but that he sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for five pounds. The sale of large editions is, after all, the most pleasing testimonial to poetical merit. Poetry is not like those useful arts which confer indirect benefits upon great masses whilst appreciated only by a select few, and which may therefore justify special subventions. It may be right that persons who are investigating abstruse problems, the solution of which can only be appreciated by some ten learned men in Europe, should be supported by professorships or posts under governments; for, if they do not obtain recognition in that form, they will obtain it in no other. But the merits of poetry must be tested by its reaching the hearts and imaginations of millions; and if success comes slowly, we have already remarked that official approbation is an utterly inefficient substitute for the want of enthusiasm. The poet must simply be content to wait better times.

Granting, however, that the sympathy of the great mass of his countrymen is the poet's highest reward, will it not be sweetened by a drop of official recognition? Ought he cynically to say, "I have sold my thousands of copies, and I don't care a farthing for the honours you can offer me?" We think he ought. The honours appear to us to be incommensurable with the efforts by which they are won. Baronetcies belong to a different order of things. They recall to us magnates in counties—prize Englishmen of the country-gentleman order; they are won as trophies of social or political conflicts; whatever the precise function which they discharge in the economy of the body corporate, all the associations connected with them are, to say the least, of an essentially unpoetical kind; they are of the earth earthy; they lie altogether aside from the path which every poet aspires to tread. Now the merit of every decoration depends entirely upon its appropriateness—upon the fact that we have come to reckon it amongst the natural accompaniments of a special line of success; it is an arbitrary sign which becomes meaningless everywhere else. When Blücher was converted into a Doctor of Laws, the result was necessarily ridiculous. All the precedents of University compliments could not make a Prussian general look at home in a doctor's gown. It was a left-handed way of forcing a particular set of customs to express sentiments to which they were never adapted. Civilized human beings should have more varied means of expressing their gratitude to every object of admiration than putting a red gown on his back or prefixing a handle to his name. A more serious example of the infelicity of inappropriate distinctions is the case of Sir Walter Scott. In abandoning his natural calling to become the owner of an estate and the founder of a family, he placed himself in a false position. The simplest and most manly of characters was ruined by the temptations of an utterly unworthy object of ambition. This is perhaps an extreme case of the error in question; but it may serve to illustrate more clearly the tendency to which we object, and to mark some of the positive evils which it might produce in practice. Besides the clumsiness of the compliment, its action upon the recipients could hardly, as a general rule, be favourable to their dignity of character.

There is, indeed, a school which refuses to classify poets apart from other men. Thus, according to Mr. Carlyle, the poetical power is not a special talent, but the product of certain qualities common to all idols of hero-worship. The chief of these is the possession of an insight into the eternal veracities; and men can only be classified according to their having or not having this faculty. The fortunate few who possess it are equally capable of being developed into a Frederick, a Goethe, or a Shakspeare. At a time when England was governed by dismal creatures to whom eternal veracity would have been a mere piece of gibberish, one Robert Burns was an exciseman. Mr. Carlyle seems almost to imply, though he does not expressly assert, that wise men would have made him Prime Minister. At least the vigour with which he emphasizes the contrast is somewhat thrown away if writing a nation's songs is not a qualification for governing it. The more general opinion is, that the two characters should be widely separated. We like, indeed, to see a statesman occasionally playing with poetry; and a poet is all the better for mixing a little in active life. The benefit derived in each case is in proportion to the completeness of the change. But the prizes offered for competition can hardly be made too distinct, even though the poet thereby gets no rewards at all. Until we have invented some special means of doing him honour, he had better not join in the struggle fought out on a different

arena. The honours he may obtain there will hardly sit gracefully upon him. However indefinite may be the praise implied in a baronetcy, it has not got rid of the odour derived from very miscellaneous employment in other directions. It is probable that no appropriate method may ever be discovered of conferring honorary distinction upon poets in England. If so, we can only say that, in our opinion, the English poet will be all the better for it. His countrymen will always find sufficient opportunities of expressing their pride in his character without forcing upon him a decoration which would apparently stamp the national approval upon Congreve's answer to Voltaire, that he wished to be considered as a gentleman, and not as a poet.

THE REFORMATION.

THERE is nothing which ignorance so much dreads, and nothing in which real knowledge so much delights, as an exact definition of terms used. It is so very convenient for half-knowledge to take refuge in a word which sounds as if it meant something, but which, as actually used, really means nothing. It is rather unlucky that the most striking illustration of this tendency just now is to be found in a matter of theological controversy. What is the meaning of the word "Inspiration"? This question is wholly distinct from any questions as to the origin, authority, infallibility, and so forth, of the Old or New Testament. About these last questions there are infinite shades of opinion, ranging from Mr. Burgon to Mr. Martineau, all of which cannot be true, but all of which are distinct and intelligible positions. We ask only the meaning of the word "Inspiration"? The use of the word is held to be absolutely necessary for any one who would maintain a character for orthodoxy, but it sometimes seems as if, provided a man only uses the word, he is at liberty to attach to it almost any meaning he pleases. And the strangest thing is that the word thus imposed as a Shibboleth is not used in any technical sense in any formulary of the English Church. In the only passages where it is found in the Prayer-Book it is used in a sense not peculiar to Prophets and Apostles, but applicable to every Christian man whatsoever. It is clear that, as the words "Inspiration of Scripture" nowhere occur in any authoritative ecclesiastical document, they cannot have any fixed technical or legal meaning. Yet they are constantly used as if they had some meaning universally received, whereas, if you come to examine those who use them, hardly any two mean by them exactly the same thing. Of course this proves nothing as to the truth or falsehood of any of the various doctrines on the subject. The opinions of Dr. Pusey and the opinions of Bishop Colenso can equally be set forth without employing the word Inspiration. We quote the instance only as an example of the way in which people take refuge in a word which is really meaningless, and feel a sort of comfort and safety in using it, while either unable to define it or altogether differing as to its definition.

To move from the dangerous region of pure theology to the perhaps not safe, but certainly safer, ground of ecclesiastical history, we would ask what is the meaning of the phrase, "The Reformation"? The historian uses the word quite harmlessly to express the leading character of a certain period, which may be distinguished from other periods as one of great and lasting ecclesiastical changes. He uses it as he uses other expressions of the like sort, with a very intelligible meaning, but with a meaning in itself not capable of any distinct definition. With him, in short, the Reformation is not an event, but a period; and it can be therefore defined only in that vague way in which historical periods must be defined. The effects of the Reformation, again, are to the historian something which was, for the most part, gradual and indirect, and which was, to a great extent, such as the chief agents in the Reformation itself by no means intended or expected. He sees also that neither the causes nor the effects of the Reformation were at all confined to those countries where Protestantism finally prevailed, but that the era of the Reformation was as much a marked era in Roman Catholic as in Protestant countries. He sees that formal religious changes were not all, but that those formal religious changes were largely influenced by, and largely influenced, events with which they had no immediate formal connexion. As regards the legal aspect of the case, he remembers that all Parliaments are of equal authority, and that all the laws that they pass are of equal force. A law or canon or proclamation passed under Henry, Edward, or Elizabeth has exactly the same legal force as an ordinance of the same class passed earlier or later. He sees that, however great may have been the theological changes which took place, nothing took place to destroy the personal continuity of the English Church before and after the Reformation. Be the changes good or bad, they were changes in a certain already existing society, not in any sense a transfer from an old society to a new one. He sees that the so-called Reformation was, in England at least, not one act, but a series of acts, a series of changes, which doubtless were closely connected in their causes and in their effects, but any one of which might conceivably have taken place without the others. He sees that, by the end of the Reformation period, the world was in a very different state from what it had been at its beginning, but he knows of no particular point of time which forms a distinct limit between things before it and things after it, so that things before it and things after it are to be looked at with quite different feelings. And he sees that, in this great

controversy, as in all others, there were elements of right on both sides, and that there were wise and good men on both sides. He has doubtless his own convictions, religious as well as historical, which determine him to throw in his own religious lot with one side or the other; but he knows enough of what was good and evil in both parties at the time to hinder him from becoming a fanatical partisan of either side.

The popular English notion of the Reformation is something quite different. In the popular mind, the Reformation is not a period, but an event. Such a thing happened before the Reformation; such another thing happened after the Reformation. The events of thirty years or more are jumbled together as if they had happened all at once. The Reformation is talked of as if it were one thing, the event of a few weeks or months, like the Restoration or the Revolution. Of course a great many of the people who talk in this way do, in a certain sense, know better. It is the old story of knowing but not realizing, not practically acting upon knowledge possessed. If you come to examine them, they do in a manner know that the events which go to make up the Reformation were scattered over a considerable number of years, and were the acts of various persons, of widely different characters, motives, and ways of thinking. But they do not practically carry this knowledge about with them. They still allow themselves to think and talk of the Reformation in that vague and inaccurate way which is simply meaningless. The Reformation, as they speak of it, is one distinct event which separates everything before it from everything after it. And yet, when one comes to ask them what they mean by the Reformation, they mean all sorts of different things. Sometimes it is the rejection of the Pope's supremacy, sometimes it is the dissolution of the monasteries, sometimes it is the putting forth of the English Prayer-Book and Articles. Now the points of connexion between these things are obvious. They all in a certain way fall into one another; they all form links in one chain of events; they were all alike necessary to bring about the state of things which marks the end of the sixteenth century as contrasted with the state of things which marks its beginning. But the points of distinction are no less obvious. There is no legal, formal, or necessary connexion between them. It was not likely that they should have happened as three quite independent events in distinct ages; each had no doubt a latent tendency to bring on the other; but not one of the three necessarily implies any other of the three; there is no contradiction in supposing any one of the three to have happened and the other two not to have happened. The rejection of the Papal Supremacy and the substitution of that of the King was simply carrying out in its fulness what English Kings and English Parliaments had been partially attempting for ages. Henry the Eighth in fact did very little more than carry out the schemes of Henry the Second. The change did not in theory involve any breach of communion with those Churches which still retained their obedience to the Roman See, still less did it involve any change in doctrine, discipline, or ceremony. In fact, as we have often shown, the system of Henry—the system which, there can be no doubt, expressed the wishes of the vast majority of contemporary Englishmen—cannot be so well described as Popery without the Pope. It is all very fine to talk about "Gospel-light flashing from Boleyn's eyes," when it is certain that Anne Boleyn died in the belief of the same dogmas and the practice of the same ceremonies as Katharine of Aragon herself. As for the Monasteries, their dissolution was, as the event proved, a very likely form for the exercise of the Royal Supremacy to take, but there is no formal connexion between the Dissolution and the casting off the Pope's authority. The English Abbots and Priors accepted the King's Supremacy along with the rest of the clergy, and, on the other hand, some monasteries had already been suppressed in England by the Pope's authority, and monasteries have since been largely suppressed in other countries which have at least not formally cast off the Roman obedience. The English Prayer-Book, again, and the other changes in doctrine and ceremony, could not, in their fulness, have been established without the rejection of the Pope, but they were by no means necessary consequences upon that rejection. The rejection of the Pope was the work of the whole nation; the doctrinal and ceremonial changes were at first undoubtedly the work of a minority. On the other hand, though no Pope could have allowed our Prayer-Book and other formularies as they stand, yet there can be little doubt that, as the price of retaining England in his obedience, any sensible Pope would have allowed very large changes—changes probably quite as large as Queen Elizabeth personally wished for. Vernacular services, communion in both kinds, and the marriage of the clergy are all freely allowed to large national communities in strict communion with Rome. Again, though we can hardly fancy the introduction of our Prayer-Book and the accompanying changes within the walls of a monastery, yet most certainly the abolition of monasteries has not had in other countries any tendency to bring about the like changes as its necessary or probable consequence. Altogether, the three events, some years apart from one another, which, together with some other events, are jumbled together in the common notion of the Reformation, have no sort of formal connexion; any one of them might have happened without the others.

And yet there is a distinct and real connexion among the three things. The popular mind, as usual, is not wholly wrong. As almost always happens, it has got hold of half a truth. It exaggerates and confuses, but it instinctively feels a

real connexion. Though, of the three events which we have been speaking of, not one formally implies any other, yet, in a time like that, an age of change and controversy, it was pretty certain that any one of them would before long lead to the others. Henry the Eighth's religion, Popery without the Pope, would have had a much fairer chance of lasting permanently in the days of Henry the Second. When the Protestant controversy was afloat in the world—while, everywhere out of England, the Pope was rejected by all Protestants and by none but Protestants—it was hardly possible that England could long retain her isolated position, rejecting the Roman obedience and yet cleaving to all Roman doctrine. When men had ventured to cast aside so venerable a principle as the Papal authority, it followed almost necessarily that they should soon venture to use their own judgments upon other tenets hardly more venerable. In this way the three things have a close connexion; the Reformation, though not a single event, is a chain of events, not indeed formally implying one another, yet none the less practically leading to one another. Still the popular confusion is one most carefully to be avoided. It is a confusion which sometimes penetrates to the very highest quarters. Even in judicial pleadings and decisions, we sometimes hear the Reformation spoken of as something distinct and special, as if a statute or canon passed about the middle of the sixteenth century had some sort of mysterious efficacy, and was entitled to some sort of greater respect than a statute or canon passed earlier or later. Yet most certainly a statute of Edward the Sixth is of no greater force than a statute of Edward the Third or of George the Fourth. In all three cases the only question is whether the statute is still in force or whether it has been repealed by some later statute. We remember a very eminent Judge rebuking a counsel for what he called speaking disrespectfully of Archbishop Cranmer. The counsel's language was simply fair criticism, such criticism as no one would have quarrelled with had it been applied to Thomas Arundel or Thomas Tenison. But Thomas Cranmer was, in the Judge's eyes, something more than a mere Archbishop, something more than a great ecclesiastical official whose regular official acts were, like those of Arundel or Tenison, good in law unless set aside by some higher authority. He was a Reformer, and a Reformer is, in the popular mind, next door to an Apostle. This is mere confusion and superstition. The gradual changes of the sixteenth century were of the highest moment, but it should never be forgotten how gradual they were, and it must never be supposed that the agents in those changes were some specially gifted race of mortals, to be exempted from those laws of legal and historical criticism which we freely apply to those who went before them and those who came after them.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

THE inexorable approach of a new Parliament begins to make itself felt. The subterranean stir and movement of parties is indicated by the usual symptoms at the surface. So long as the tactics adopted conform to the fair rules of Parliamentary warfare, we can have no objection to the discussion of any topics whatever. We would by all means debate fully the propriety of introducing the ballot, or universal suffrage, or any other infallible nostrums into our political system. Those ardent fanatics, however, whose pet dogma is always the one necessary condition of the salvation of the country, are not generally content with this dilatory method of testing its value. It took many years of free discussion to prove to a majority of the nation the propriety of the Reform Bill, or Free Trade, or Roman Catholic Emancipation. The process of talking a doubtful article of faith into the accepted creed must always be a tedious one. Zealous believers are naturally eager to find some short cut. As there unluckily exists, in this country, no Imperial power to force reforms upon a backward and reluctant people, some trick must be found to anticipate the slowness of public opinion. No dictator can order us at once to give up the use of spirituous liquors. The virtuous few who abstain cannot drive the principles of teetotalism straight into the brains of their opponents, doubtless because their opponents' brains are bemused with strong drink. The only alternative is to obtain their consent by some dexterous manoeuvre. It is a favourite object with speculative politicians to devise some cunning political apparatus for insuring the representation of the minority. Our friends would go still further. They wish by some artifice to foist the opinions of the minority upon the nation at large. By manipulating Liberal constituencies with sufficient skill, they think to force them to follow the lead of a hitherto obscure sect. They can, in American phraseology, get their own plank wedged firmly into the accepted platform. Disagreeable as the draught may be, the majority will be forced to swallow it—such is the calculation—in order to buy a clique who have decided beforehand upon the terms of sale. The Liberal party naturally includes every one who has a special crotchet for the reform of mankind. There are people who believe that nothing can save the country except vote by ballot. There are Dissenters whose only hope is in the abolition of Church-rates, democrats who care only for the extension of the suffrage, and philosophers who insist upon the introduction of Mr. Hare's scheme of voting. Every little section may, if it chooses, run a separate thorn into the side of the unlucky candidate, and extort its separate pledge. If parties are equally divided, he may be compelled to buy his seat by satisfying even the smallest and silliest clique. He may be unable to risk offending even a supporter of the

Permissive Bill. The wretched representative finally struggles into Parliament, bound down by a system of knots as complicated as those which confine the Davenport Brothers. It is true that he generally exhibits surprising skill in slipping out of them when his constituents' eyes are averted, and in afterwards exhibiting himself with no perceptible traces of having been at large. The spectacle is not very edifying, neither does it often produce any results beyond the degradation of a few members. If the agitators on behalf of the Permissive Bill were sufficiently strong to carry out their programme—if they could extract a pledge from a majority of the next Parliament—their success would not be really nearer. We should only witness an addition to the number of farces annually played before an admiring audience. The regular vote on the ballot question would have a companion piece. We should see new variations of the ingenious method by which a House of Commons with a majority pledged to Reform can allow the measure gracefully to drop into oblivion. There is no use in declaiming against the immorality of an exhibition too frequently seen. The source of the evil lies deeper in the system. If a clique of enthusiasts contrive to force a temporary conformity upon candidates in difficulties, they cannot expect that the yoke so imposed will be very cheerfully borne. Reluctant hustings conversions extorted by immediate fear cannot be expected to produce permanent reformation; both parties to the contract know that it was only entered into under a special pressure. It is pretty certain that it will receive the very mildest interpretation that can by any ingenuity be construed into a fulfilment. Of course, in the particular case of the Permissive Bill, the measure is too remote from common sense, and its devotees are too thinly scattered, to produce a sensible effect. A few critical elections may be affected where a knot of zealots is strong enough to alter a very delicate political balance. A few members may be made miserable by the sense that they are pledged to commit an absurdity, and be vexed by calculating the minimum endurance of ridicule that will satisfy their constituents. But even Mr. Lawson knows quite well that the day when a House of Commons will seriously debate his plan for starting a grand crusade against licensed victuallers is still in the remote distance. There is not the least fear of his becoming mischievous as well as ridiculous.

The thing is, however, worth some attention as an illustration of a special branch of petty tyranny. It throws some light upon the natural history of a noxious variety of the genus fanatic. The means by which it is proposed to carry out the proposed reform are thoroughly congenial to the nature of the reform itself. The plan of campaign suggested is exactly suitable to the conquests which it is intended to effect. The theory of all wrongheaded reformers is that their own dogma is so incomparably valuable that all other reforms must be postponed to it; they naturally infer that in practice any means for thrusting it down other men's throats are justifiable. The narrowminded prejudice which delights in legal interference with other people's eating and drinking is quite equal to refusing co-operation with all who can't swallow its precepts whole. Compliance with the crotchet of the hour is an infallible test of virtue. Any step that tends, or seems to tend, towards obtaining a law against drink, carries with it a certain savour of sanctity. It is not surprising, therefore, that such reformers entirely fail to perceive the force of the most obvious argument against them. Mr. Taylor sensibly remarked, the other day, that he intended to drink his glass of wine himself, whether other people liked it or not, and he should, therefore, not interfere with the same freedom in his neighbours. But this is a dark saying to the genuine reforming teetotaler. It is his passion to interfere with his neighbour's concerns. His ideal of a well-regulated nation is one in which everybody should interfere with every one else—in which, therefore, there should be a legal punishment for every wrong action. He would be shocked by the theory that a man has a legal right to drink spirits, and even a right to get drunk on spirits, if he chooses. He fancies, as Mr. Mill very justly observes, that he has a vested interest in the morality of every one of his neighbours. Whatever action a man can commit that tends to weaken his own morals tends in some degree to set a bad example to his neighbours. "If a man takes too much beer, or even smokes too many pipes, it makes it rather more probable that my pockets will be picked. I am therefore justified in imposing penalties upon him, or at least in hampering and restricting his evil indulgences by every means in my power." Moreover, the theory does not stop even here. As the majority are the judges of what habits are prejudicial, they may impose the popular standard upon every one who differs from it. Considering the enormous variety of virtuous prejudices in existence, this would lead to some charming results. Most people think drinking a dangerous habit. Therefore it should be stopped. Smoking to excess, or even drinking too much tea, produces many evils. Betting is highly objectionable. Taking a walk on Sunday instead of going to church is criminal. Some people think that animal food is undesirable. Every little sect which has its special aversion should cry out for legislation. We should thus have as many laws as there are children at school. In short, the necessary inference from the theory in its unadulterated form is that morality of all kinds ought to be enforced by law—a doctrine which contains the germ of all varieties of persecution, religious and otherwise. Fortunately, a belief in the efficacy of law in some cases has been sufficiently exploded; otherwise we should see these notions carried to their legitimate consequences. A good beginning

might be made by proposing a persecution of the Mormons; they are a weak sect at present, and President Lincoln might join us in an expedition to Salt Lake City to exterminate at once heresy and incipient secession.

The argument in favour of the Bill follows all the precedents and involves all the fallacies characteristic of addresses to Buncombe. It consists in counting up the millions spent by Englishmen in brandy and gin till the audience is raised to a temperature above logic heat, and then dexterously assuming that the Bill is the most obvious measure to counteract the evil. Just so a man enlarges upon the awful darkness of the heathen till your blood runs cold, and then begs you to subscribe to himself or his journal as if he were stating an obvious logical inference. You are, or ought to be, too excited to ask calmly whether your halfpence will really get to the heathen. In the case of the Permissive Bill, we are told that no price is too great to pay for a check to drunkenness. To which we answer that we don't want to pay anything till we are certain of our money being judiciously applied; and, secondly, that it is very easy to pay too great a price. Drunkenness is a very bad thing, but the tyranny necessary to diminish it would be far worse. To live in a parish where two-thirds of the inhabitants may order you to be virtuous against your will would involve a most irritating bondage. To have the public-house forcibly closed, because the righteous classes thought it a bad thing for you and felt a pleasing glow of extra righteousness in taking away your temptation, would be to reduce you to the condition of a moral pariah. The wretched being who refused to be robbed of his beer would become a text ready-made for every preacher of sobriety in the village; he would be the stock illustration at the end of every paragraph; he would be permanently engaged in the business of pointing morals and adorning tales. Of course, when the entire futility of the law began to be discovered, we should be asked to make a few more regulations. We should be fairly embarked in the effort to make all men virtuous by Act of Parliament. If only as a protest against such a principle, it would be necessary to put down the first attempt at making precedents for petty tyranny. The most dangerous tendency of democracy is said by philosophers to be the gradual subjection of every man's taste and habits to the will of the majority. It is desirable that it should be laid down as plainly as possible that there are matters in which all State interference is unjustifiable. We need not insist upon the obvious consideration that the law could certainly produce much vexation, and would in all probability have no effect at all upon drunkenness. The Maine Liquor Law and all its imitations are the very type and standing example of laws made to be evaded. Perhaps, like the razors made to sell, they are really intended only to produce a little political capital, and not to do any service to sobriety. In those who honestly support them, they are a good example of the common process by which honest, but extremely thoughtless, people jump at a conclusion. When anything, no matter what, is going wrong, it is very easy to say the Government ought to put it right; and, in saying so, you have all the appearance of making a practical suggestion. There ought to be a law that no one should starve, that no one should be unable to read and write, that no one should ever drink too much; and most people seem really to think that a simple Parliamentary enactment against any of these evils is equivalent to actually suppressing them. They do not in the least realize the fact, that between the Parliamentary action and the practical result there intervenes a long chain of circumstances which may sometimes even invert the intended result. It never occurs to them that a law professedly directed against drunkards might in practice only result in increased ill-feeling, in making the law ridiculous, and in a deal of clandestine intoxication on inferior liquor.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON THE SITUATION.

THE helpless misery of being a Bishop, to men of a certain temper and character, deserves more sympathy than the position commonly obtains. The necessity of constantly blessing to one in whom nature has unkindly implanted an irresistible taste for cursing, the duty of playing the peace-maker imposed on a constitutional brawler, are elements of a desperate wretchedness to which it would be impossible to find any parallel. Incompatibility of temperament between a man and his wife is a trifling misfortune compared with the incompatibility between ferocious personal impulses and gentle official duties. At the present time, the tribulations of an ecclesiastic with an unecclesiastical nature must be absolutely consuming. The existing condition of controversy makes the conflict between inborn acerbity and assumed sweetness exceptionally hard to endure. Both in England and France those who are presumed by the dignitaries of the Church to be hostile to them are conducting the assault with renewed vigour, and the position of a fierce-minded bishop resembles nothing so much as that of an Irishman forced to look on at a thoroughly good free-fight, without taking any part in it. If he could even be burnt, or beheaded, or stoned, it would be some comfort. But circumstances prevent him from having to endure dignified tortures, which he is equally forbidden by his position to inflict upon his enemies. So desperate a fate cannot be regarded without sincere commiseration, and the profane must look with reverence upon the truly Christian self-restraint with which one or two French prelates are curbing un-Christian tempers and meekly resigning themselves to their trials. The most remarkable member of this choice band is Mgr.

Dupanloup. Nature made him turbulent and acrimonious. Circumstances compensated for the harshness of nature, and made him Bishop of Orleans. If he had had the good luck to live in the middle ages, he would have been conspicuous among fighting bishops for his heat and valour. As it is, when the only enemy is the Council of State, valour has ceased to be needful, and heat is no longer regarded as an estimable prelatial quality. But nature can no more be expelled by a crozier than by a fork. *Tamen usque recurrit.* The man who would have been a fighting bishop in the fourteenth century is a fighting bishop in the nineteenth. The mace and the battle-axe are superseded by that more harmless weapon, the pamphlet; and though it was doubtless more satisfactory to send the unbeliever down to Tophet with your own hand, still it is some consolation to be able to tell him that he is sending himself there with equal certainty, if less rapidly. False notions of Christian charity in these degenerate days prevent the minister of Kirkcaldy from applying the boot and the thumb-screw, and the Bishop of Orleans from applying a bundle of lighted faggots, to the godless journalist; but they are by no means bereft of theological comfort.

The faithful in France were grievously surprised that Mgr. Dupanloup made no sign when the Convention between France and Italy was first made known. They began to fear that the discharge of episcopal duties, and the subtle influence of mistaken religious feeling, had driven out the old and acrimonious Adam which on other occasions had sent forth such vigorous screechings against the enemies of the Church. But there is such a thing as nursing wrath to keep it warm, and the Bishop's fury is all the more foaming for having been so long bottled up. It is just, however, to notice that he comes before the public, not as a bishop, but as a citizen. He is forbidden to deliver a charge, but there is no law against his writing a pamphlet. This convenient division of personalities has obvious uses. He can warn and threaten like a pastor full of lofty moral indignation, and yet have a right to abuse and revile his enemies like a political partisan full of spitefulness and impotent malice. The result is rather odd. It all comes of discrepancy between position and disposition. If Mr. Bright had been made a bishop, he would have been exactly of Mgr. Dupanloup's stamp. The spectacle of one of the Fathers of the Church, in full episcopal apparel, alternately reading piously from his breviary, and shouting and shaking his fists vehemently against his enemies, may divert the scoffer, but only pains everybody else.

The appearance at the present time of *La Convention du 15 Septembre et l'Encyclique du 8 Décembre* is, of course, not accidental. In a few days the Chambers will assemble, and meanwhile the manifesto of the Bishop of Orleans will have been widely circulated and exhaustively discussed. No other French prelate could command an equally large audience, and his appeal is no doubt intended to arouse whatever latent Ultramontanism there may be in the country. "Citoyen Français," he says, "je ne suis pas encore habitué à comprendre une loi ou un traité solennel sans qu'il m'ait été expliqué par une discussion publique entre le gouvernement et les représentants du pays." It is evidently with a view to this discussion that he has endeavoured at once to soothe the disgust of all French Liberals at the Encyclical, and to alarm to the highest pitch the fears of all French Catholics at the Convention. The double attitude of apologist and assailant is difficult to maintain. The affected humility of the one and the scarcely disguised truculence of the other stand out in awkward contrast. If the Bishop had contented himself with attacking the Convention, or with defending the Encyclical, he would have shown more judgment than in conducting both operations at the same time. The ferocious invectives against the cruelty, faithlessness, and insolence of Piedmont make a curious comment on the gentleness and long-suffering resignation attributed to the Holy Father. A man who asks for kindness and forbearance for himself should not in the same breath begin to curse and to swear against his enemies. It is very well to tell us that "l'Eglise est la vraie mère qui ne veut pas que l'on coupe en deux ses enfants"; but when we find the true Mother using the language of a fishwife, we cannot help taking the beautiful sentiment with a considerable modification.

The pamphlet of the Bishop of Orleans shows as clearly as the Encyclical that the Pope and his advisers have decided to hurry on, as much as in them lies, the crisis which perhaps is approaching rapidly enough without assistance. Making due allowance for the difference in position between a Pope and a mere bishop, Mgr. Dupanloup displays an equal disregard of temperance and moderation. Everything is staked on simple issues. If the Convention is to hold good, and the French support is really withdrawn from Rome in two years, then it is inevitable that the Pope should lose his temporal power. And if he loses that, he will either become an exile begging his bread from city to city, or else will seek shelter elsewhere than under the wings of the French eagle. In either case, what an infamy for France! Mgr. Dupanloup plainly intimates that, in such a contingency, the name of Napoleon III. will descend to posterity as heavily laden with dishonour as that of Charles IX. We no longer remember that Charles IX. loved the arts, and founded schools; "mais on sait que, subjugué par des misérables, il a laissé commettre le forfait de la St. Barthelemy, ou plutôt il ne l'a pas empêché, se bornant, dit un historien, 'à laisser suivre le fil et le cours de l'entreprise.'" The moral is plain. Let Napoleon III. confer every possible material favour on France; all will be forgotten in curses on the monarch who allowed the Italians to "follow the thread of their undertaking."

and overthrow the temporal power of the Pope. It is vain to point out to the enraged pamphleteer that provisions are contained in the Convention which, by implication, empower France to restore her protection in case of any attempt on the Pope's dominions. With the querulousness of an injured old lady, Mgr. Dupanloup insists that the Pope shall be overthrown, and that the Emperor shall not interfere to prevent such a catastrophe. The Bishop's pity for the poor, unsuspecting, ingenuous Emperor, who is being unconsciously dragged he knows not where by the fearfully subtle statesmen of Turin, is most truly charitable, and it is to be hoped that some of the deputies will imitate the example of the Bishop of Orleans, and point out to their guileless monarch the mischievous wiles of Italy. Mgr. Dupanloup's own powers of nice discrimination in political matters may be inferred from the simplicity with which he quotes "M. Bowyer" and "M. Maguire" as representatives of the feelings of the English Parliament on the subject of Italian perfidy. If the Emperor had not been unaccountably misled, the Italians would have been told once for all, by him and the other Catholic sovereigns, that "la souveraineté du Pape est neutralisée et placée sous notre garantie collective; vous n'y toucherez jamais, jamais, jamais!" If Napoleon III. had been Bishop of Orleans, he might perhaps have screamed out this shrill "jamais, jamais, jamais," to Italy. But he is not, and therefore waits for events. It would have been wiser in Mgr. Dupanloup to do the same. To mistake shrillness and iteration for emphasis and force is a blunder peculiarly episcopal.

The unanimous derision and odium which the Encyclical has called down from an atheistical press are, in the opinion of the extreme Ultramontanes, the natural consequence of the Convention. The journalists never weary of assailing that holy enunciation of saving truths, because in so doing they at once keep their undying hatred to the Pope in the background, and furnish a justification for it. When the Convention has brought forth its fruits in the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, the Encyclical will be pointed to as a moral warrant for such a measure. A power, it will be said, which promulgated principles so contrary to those accepted among ourselves, so hostile to all progress and civilization, is deservedly erased from among the nations. It was obviously, therefore, the business of an apologist like Mgr. Dupanloup to explain away the most odious doctrines implied in the condemnation of the eighty propositions, and, above all, to elucidate the sweeping theory that it is wrong to affirm that "le Pontife Romain peut et doit se réconcilier et transiger avec le progrès, avec le libéralisme, et la civilisation moderne." A feeble defence has seldom been attempted. In saying this, argues Mgr. Dupanloup, the Pope only meant to express the eternal irreconcilability of the Church with anything that is bad and unjust in progress and civilization. As if the whole question between the Pope and his enemies did not turn on the point of what is bad and unjust. An Italian Liberal maintains that the good of progress consists in various changes which the Pope persistently obstructs. The Pope sees nothing incompatible with modern civilization in brigands. So, after all that Mgr. Dupanloup can say, we are brought to this, that the Pope is not at all opposed to what is best in modern civilization, but that he understands by civilization a state of things by which the rest of the world understands barbarism. More successful as an *argumentum ad hominem* is the defence of the proposition on the freedom of the press. The Pope's views on this subject are by no means unshared by more advanced rulers. "Qu'un de ces journalistes qui est un foudre de guerre contre le Pape vienne signifier demain au gouvernement impérial qu'il ait à se réconcilier avec la liberté ou la justice, croit-il que le gouvernement impérial ne condamnera pas sa proposition?" He will be instantly struck down with a warning, a suspension, or perhaps even a suppression. The force of the argument ought to show the French Government how press laws can come to weaken the authority by which they were enacted. The Bishop of Orleans openly intimates that these attacks on the Encyclical have been encouraged in order to divert attention from politics, and that, to preserve political content, religion has been surrendered. "Il semble qu'il ait paru prudent de déchaîner les attaques contre le seul maître qu'on ne peut détrôner." The result of all these attacks, and the present condition of things, there is no attempt to conceal. The Bishop frankly confesses that in the villages of his diocese "the Church has the women and the old men, the School has the children that it leads to the Church also; the Newspaper and the Tavern possess the men." It never seems to occur to him that the Church must have been wrong to let such things be. The whole fault he presumes to be in the State, which does not peremptorily crush such atheistical journals as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* or the *Journal des Débats*. The disclosure of such an opinion will scarcely tend to lessen the ill-will of enlightened people either to the Encyclical or its apologists.

BIRMINGHAM FACTORY CHILDREN.

ONE of the most interesting parts of the new Blue-book on the Employment of Children is devoted to Birmingham. Mr. J. Edward White, the Assistant Commissioner who inspected the factories of that town and neighbourhood, has done his work very well; he has not only collected minute facts with great care, but has grouped them together, and given us very fair generalizations. As the object of the Commission was to examine

the expediency of extending the Factory Act to minor trades not now under its operation, the Midland metropolis is, in its way, a representative town. It largely employs children's labour, and in many cases it does so through small masters and in private houses, so that the application of a regulating Act of Parliament is surrounded with peculiar difficulty; and if we could by any means succeed in diminishing the evils that attend the employment of women and children there, we might hope for general success. The extreme youth of some of the children—we might almost say infants—employed is rather surprising, even in the present day, when Commissions have pried into every corner of the land. "One or two speak of having begun work at five, and several at six, at which age I have found a very few in regular factories. Several employments are entered at seven, from which age upwards work gradually increases, becoming pretty general at nine or ten." There are, it is said, 2,000 children under ten years of age employed in Birmingham itself, and 700 or 800 of these are under eight years. Counting as young persons all under twenty, it is calculated that there are about 20,000 of both sexes engaged in the manufactures of the town, and about 5,000 more engaged in the rougher trades—iron-works, &c.—of the immediate district. It is to be regretted that more accurate estimates could not be obtained, but the way in which the town manufactures are scattered—many in private houses, many in workshops that are only outhouses to the ordinary dwelling of the employer—evidently precluded more detailed statistics. A statement of the number of young persons employed under ten, under twelve, and under fifteen respectively, would be much more suggestive than the gross total of all under twenty. Mr. White, who has been similarly employed in other manufacturing districts, states that the condition of the working classes in the district is "one of independence and comfort" compared with that of their fellows elsewhere, and that, owing to the variety of occupations, general distress never falls on the whole community, nor even on a whole family at once. We also learn that the soil of Birmingham is dry, and almost drains itself; that the residents are not crowded, as the town covers a very large space in proportion to its population, allowing each inhabitant nearly double the space allotted to them in Manchester; that it has broad streets and no cellars, and great natural advantages from the "general slope of the soil." It is stated that the mental condition of the young workpeople is "not lower than that of the corresponding classes in London and other large towns." We have thus a kind of standard by which to test our handicraft classes; we find an average population working under unusual advantages, physical, mental, and moral, for "there are plentiful means of secular and religious instruction" provided in the town. The result is certainly not very satisfactory.

"Many" work-places, it is reported, are "deficient in space, ventilation, light, and cleanliness":—

In some of the larger old work-places, as some kinds of button manufactories, the rooms are low and ill arranged, and the crowding is extreme, being reduced almost to the minimum of possible sitting space, the work not requiring more than hand motion, with narrow passages between for reaching the seats. But even such spaces for passage are not always found, the girls creeping in under the women's legs and the benches. I have found rows of little girls sitting back to back on common benches so close that their backs actually touch, with rows of women, sitting as close as they can be packed, fronting them across work-benches only 18 inches wide. In these and like places fresh air can be admitted through the windows, in default of other sufficient means, only at the expense of the youngest girls, who often sit in rows along the sides of the room with their backs into the windows.

Even as regards the actually noxious employments, such as brass-casting, lacquering, &c., proper space or ventilation is "scarcely at all, or very imperfectly, provided for." "The gloominess of many of the work-places is extreme." Some are half-cellars, with pits for the workers to stand in, to gain a greater height for the fall of the stamp. In the jewellers' factories the air is, as a rule, "oppressive and stifling," as "the pallid unhealthy aspect" of the operatives testifies. The smaller workshops are the worst:—

In some of these men alone work, in others women, girls, and boys also. I have visited many of these shops, but have found the space in nearly all cases sufficient for the small numbers employed. The yards, however, in which they stand are often offensive to the eye or nose, and probably injurious to health, from their neglected condition. There are commonly surface drains running or stagnant with dirty water, and often heaps of refuse or decaying matter, loaded ashpits, or privies objectionably close to or under parts of the shops, and the cleanliness of the inside of the shops corresponds to that of the approach.

The extent to which young persons are engaged in heavy work may be judged of by the following instance taken from a brick-yard:—

The day's work, in which I found a girl of just twelve engaged, involved the catching and throwing on, by above 14 lbs. at a time, a weight of more than 36 tons, for which purpose she had, while standing raised on a narrow sloping plank, to make 11,333 complete half-turns of her body to catch and throw on the bricks along the line of girls and women. It is not strange that when called down to me she was panting.

The day's work is generally twelve hours. This kind of toil, compared with others in the district, would be "healthy," it is said, were the workers not overtaken; but that they are, the above fact very plainly proves. Of course there are accidents to young persons in the indoor-work, but they are declared to be comparatively rare, as adults are mainly engaged in working the dangerous machinery. But "personal observation of the hands of girls at work" showed that accidents do occur—some serious enough. A mere thumb-pinch has kept a girl at home three months. It is stated to be a common saying

that a person cannot be a good "stamper" till he has lost two or three fingers. Both Birmingham and its neighbourhood show "an excessive mortality from lung diseases," as the result of the unhealthy occupations of the working-classes. Sand-paper making—fortunately a very limited trade—is so unhealthy that, in one case noted, chest disease commenced from the very day on which a boy first began the work, and ended within a month in death. Brass-casters never work beyond fifty, and rarely up to forty years of age; and yet boys are exposed to all the injurious influences of this work, without too, as it would seem, any of the precautions, such as a handkerchief over the mouth and nose, used by grown men. On this point the Report says:—

It will be observed that one or two of the most plainly injurious occupations are those in which the young are liable to be employed for the longest hours; e.g., a boy of eight has worked in a brass-casting shop "till 10 and 10½ at night a good many times," having done so three times a week, two mornings from 6, the third from 7, and sometimes not getting home, which is a quarter of an hour off, till 11 P.M.; having also his meals in the shop without washing, short at best, and often shortened to half. He adds, "Mondays you don't work." The mere depression of mind and body such as that resulting, in females, amongst other causes, from "excessive weariness from overwork in a feeble state of health," is stated by a physician to be unfavourable to morality.

As an inevitable general result, we find that "a large proportion" of the town population is "either stunted in growth or pale and sickly-looking." There is also a comparatively high rate of infant mortality; and the result as to domestic habits is thus stated by one of the employers questioned by Mr. White:—

Nine girls out of ten prefer working in factories to service, because they get more money for dress, and are more independent. The consequence is that they are undomesticated. The women, too, being away at work, the men have no homes to go to, and go to the public-house.

How far the employers could remedy this state of things it is hard to decide. The Assistant Commissioner concludes his Report by saying:—

I have found not only very defective workplaces, but in some cases severe overwork, in others very young children in a wretchedly squalid and forlorn condition in the factories of large employers of liberal minds and most kindly feeling.

A sentence that looks like satire, if we could attribute anything so irregular to a Blue-book. Perhaps Keats best describes these employers, although not by any means a poet likely to have known much of manufacturers:—

Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

But the mental condition of the working-classes of the town and district is the more remarkable if we accept Mr. White's statement that it is not below the average of our English industrial population, and that there are "plentiful means of secular and religious instruction." It certainly is rather surprising to find the following testimony to the ignorance of many of the working-classes of one of our large towns:—

As many as 32 persons, averaging over 12 years each, and including a young man of 20, and three girls or young women, one of 18 and two of 17, could not tell the Queen's name. Q. "Is it Victoria?" A. "Oh no, I don't know it when I hear it so." "Can't understand them things." Some did not know of her existence; others showed a dark and lately-got glimmer by such answers as that she "is the Prince Alexandra," "is the Prince of Wales," "him and her got married," "she belongs to all the world," and so on. Indeed, a question about her, when put, was scarcely ever answered. These 32 persons were in a variety of work-places and occupations—25 of them in Birmingham, one at West Bromwich, and three girls, the eldest of them 16, near Stourbridge; very few indeed of them were under 11.

The ignorance as regards natural scenery and natural objects was also, it appears, great, but not so remarkable in a people pent up in a smoky inland town, bordered on one side at least by the grim, treeless Black Country:—

Of the commonest and simplest objects of nature—flowers, birds, fishes, rivers, mountains, sea—of places such as London, &c., in England, or other countries out of it, or how to get there, many know little or nothing. London, however, "is a county," but also "is in the Exhibition." Ireland "is a little town." A violet "is a pretty bird"; lilac "is a bird"; "believe I would know a primrose, it's a red rose like"; "don't know if a robin redbreast is a bird, or if it flies or sings," or "if an eagle is a bird"; "don't know what a river is, or where the fishes are"; "a mountain would be on the water, I should think; don't know where the snow falls from, or whether it comes from the clouds, or sky, or where"; "the sea is made of land, not of water." People then may well "go in a train to America, all the way." Even the eye is inaccurate from want of training. A picture of a cow being milked is shown; "he's a lion." A map is incomprehensible to a young man of twenty, who thinks that the sun "is in the north in the middle of the day; no, it sets in the north." Even women sometimes are unable to tell the clock.

This kind of ignorance seems to us not due alone to bad teaching, but to a stupidity that looks as if excessive work had utterly stunted the boys' minds. But, remembering the "religious instruction" said to be available in the town, what are we to think of the following account?—

Of very many indeed the state of mind as regards the simplest facts of religion is dark almost beyond belief. It is not too much to say that to many God, the Bible, the Saviour, a Christian, even a future state, are ideas entirely or all but unknown. God is "a good man," or "the man in heaven"; "I've heard that (Christ), but don't know what it is." Nor do others know "where God lives," or "about the world being made," or "who made it," or of the Bible, "it is not a book." "Have not heard of Christ; I had never done my work till so late"; "have heard about Jesus Christ, but it's so long since that I've forgot"; "don't know if I'm a Christian," or "what it is," or "means," but all people are so. Heaven was heard of only "when father died long ago, mother said that he was going there." Some think that bad and good go there alike, or on the other hand, that

"them as is wicked shall be worshipped, that means shall all go to hell"; or again, that when people die "they be buried, bain't they—their souls as well as their bodies." "All go in the pithole where them be buried; they never get out or live again; they have not a soul; I have not one. The soul does not live afterwards; it's quite an end of people when they die." "The devil is a good person; I don't know where he lives." "Christ was a wicked man."

The little lad who gave the last answer had been at a Sunday school; he added, "Don't know if Christ is alive now; preacher didn't say." Another lad, a boy of fourteen, who "goes to school every Sunday," and to chapel about every other Sunday, was ignorant as to what was read at school or chapel, but at last, when half-helped, came out with—"It is the Bible and Testament; they read about the naughty men what tosses." This enigmatical reply is doubtless due to the impression in the boys' mind that the Bible contained the biographies of some wicked men, and to the equally strong impression that all wickedness was in some way or another associated with "pitch and toss"—a very promising amount of moral development. In the answer of another boy we trace the direct results of that system of rote and "crum" so much practised in Sunday schools. He said—"Don't know if people was kind to Him (Christ) or killed Him; they did crucify Him, but I don't know what that means." Evangelical parsons of "the little Latin and less Greek" type, and "literate" who always suggest the negative prefix, can never get rid of the idea, which even Whately could not drive out of their heads, that there is something sacred, not to say inspired, in the *ipsissima verba* of our English translation of the Bible. Hence their constant use of its phrases, even when, as in this case, their congregations fail to understand them; and that is unfortunately the characteristic of an immense amount of the Sunday School teaching of the land.

We are glad to see that some of the manufacturers of Birmingham are quite ready to assent to the introduction of the Factory Act, and that the opposition of others is likely to be overborne by the good feeling and common sense of the majority. Perhaps if Mr. Bright had studied the disclosures of this Report before expressing an opinion on the subject, he might have been less ready, in a recent address to his constituents, to insist on the difficulties and objections which, as he thinks, lie in the way of legislative interference, especially as he has once before, by his own confession, proved himself an unsafe guide in such matters.

LORD EBURY'S ULTIMATUM.

LORD EBURY'S letter to the Bishop of Rochester has forced upon us the melancholy conviction that the Church is on the brink of a terrible calamity. Lord Ebury's secession to some communion, yet to be selected, is an event which may be expected to throw its shadow over the mourning Church at no very distant period. The sad announcement would have been kept back for some time if the Bishop of Rochester had not unwisely broken in upon the great Reformer's seclusion by a request for a subscription to a fund for the augmentation of small livings in the diocese. The Bishop's modest begging letter had not, indeed, much to do with ecclesiastical politics; but a Church Reformer is dangerous to any intruder when the fit is on him. The provocation was quite sufficient to draw from Lord Ebury the whole tale of his griefs, and a fearful intimation that is no doubt intended to break to the Church the step he meditates. He phrases it, indeed, with a seeming reservation. His words are:—"So long as I can entertain the least hope of the reformation of our Church, I shall cling to her." But as he enumerates, with unflinching candour, the items of which the reformation is to consist, we are able to calculate for ourselves the chance we still retain of averting his secession.

In the first place, he requires that the equality of the laity to the clergy should be established, and the mode of effecting this laudable object is to be by passing new canons for the Church, in the form of clauses to an Act of Parliament. It is very desirable that anybody who doubts it should be convinced of the equality of the laity to the clergy. Lord Ebury himself would speedily convince the highest sacerdotalist that the most overwhelming gifts of the pulpit may be found in rich abundance among the laity. But the laity of the Established Church may hesitate at the doctrine that the House of Commons is their representative in spiritual things. If, however, Lord Ebury's demands are agreed to in this matter, and canons are introduced in the form of resolutions, we would suggest that, in order to establish the supremacy of the laity still more distinctly, they should be referred to a Select Committee, consisting of Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Hadfield, Sir Morton Peto, Mr. Bright, and Baron Rothschild. The new canons to be drawn up by such a tribunal would no doubt be received with enthusiasm by the Church. Lord Ebury, however, does not impose upon members of Parliament any severe legislative duties. They will merely have to embody in clauses the reforms of which he proceeds to sketch out the items. His scheme is grand in its proportions, but simple in its conception. The Church is vexed with several controversies. One of them turns upon the question of Baptismal Regeneration. Lord Ebury proposes that it shall be settled by altering the Baptismal service in such a manner as to bring it into conformity with the views upon the question entertained by himself and his friends. The same simple solution is to be applied to other controversies. There is a considerable difference of opinion upon the subject of ritual. Lord Ebury proposes to

give statutory powers to the ordinary to "check effectually all practices which have a manifest tendency to lead our pastors and their flocks away from our communion." So long as Lord Ebury's friends have the nomination of the Bishops, it may be safe to assume that this discretionary power will only be used for the discomfiture of Lord Ebury's antagonists. But if, by any mishap, prelates of opposite views were to find their way to the bench, he might have cause to discover that his new canons were a little vague. The practices, for instance, of having dirty churches, dull services, high pews, long sermons, and unintelligible rhapsodies about justification, might all, with very great truth, be charged as having a manifest tendency to lead people away from our communion. For the present, the projected reform would doubtless enable the Evangelicals to make a glorious razzia among the ritualists, but something more is required for the utter extermination of the enemy. There are clergymen who preach against Lord Ebury's views, without having made themselves obnoxious to the proscription levelled at the ritualists. For their behoof, it is to be provided that congregations shall have "some power of dealing with those incumbents who introduce dissension and bitterness." Dissension and bitterness, in theological language, are rather like orthodoxy and heterodoxy. Their meaning depends mainly upon the opinions of the person who uses them. It may be safely laid down that "bitterness" never exists, except upon the heterodox side. Should this "reform" be carried, the unfortunate parsons will have a bad time of it if their opinions differ in any degree from those of the majority of their congregations. Their case will be still harder if the congregation should be evenly divided. They would have to watch the turns of theological opinion as anxiously as a weak Minister has to watch the humours of the House of Commons. In a parish where the population was fluctuating, and the turns of opinion consequently rapid, it might easily happen that a pliant incumbent would have to preach for and against the same doctrine two or three times a year. Lord Ebury's list of demands closes with the usual wail over the length of the services which try his powers of wakefulness so severely. Such is his ultimatum. As long as he continues to cherish a hope that it will be carried, he will not cast off the Church of England. His admirers can derive but little solace from the assurance. It can only be a remarkable hopefulness of temperament that has detained him among us so long.

Perhaps the tardiness of his movements may be explained by the difficulty of finding any refuge exactly to his mind. His ecclesiastical requirements are not easy to satisfy. Any one of his tastes by itself might be readily gratified, but it is almost impossible to indulge his taste in doctrine and his taste in prayers at the same time. Puritan doctrine can be obtained in all its purity north of the Tweed. Prayers of irreproachable brevity, and unmatched velocity of utterance, can be obtained south of the Channel. But, for the combination of the two, Lord Ebury will have to set to work himself, and give the world an example of a concise orthodoxy, lively enough to keep his sons awake upon a Good Friday, and yet pure from any taint of ritual. This will not be his only difficulty. One of Lord Ebury's chief complaints against the Church of England is the stringent uniformity enforced by the celebrated Act of Charles II. Yet one of his proposals to the Bishop of Rochester is, that a law should be passed punishing every clergyman indulging in practices which have a tendency to lead his congregation into heterodoxy, and every clergyman introducing dissension in his congregation. So that the ideal Church of which Lord Ebury is in search is one in which uniformity is not enforced, but in which dissension is not allowed. Acts of Uniformity are horrible chains, derogatory to Christian freedom; but a prohibition of dissension is so indispensable a necessity that Lord Ebury will not belong to a Church in which it does not exist. He is quite safe in promising the Bishop of Rochester that, when this ideal shall have been attained, the Bishop will have more subscriptions than he will know what to do with.

It is not probable that this letter will fulfil either its immediate aim of converting the Bishop of Rochester into a Church Reformer, or its more indirect object of adding to the ranks of the scanty band who own Lord Ebury as their leader. But it will be useful as a gloss to speeches and letters directed to kindred questions, but couched in a very different tone. If Lord Ebury and his sympathizers were really liberal-minded men striving only for greater latitude, there would be many elements of strength in their position. But they will never succeed, because they cannot keep the mask of liberality upon their faces long enough. As long as the claims of those who dissent from the Church upon the Genevan side are under discussion, they are fluent with all the approved maxims and arguments of toleration. But let the discussion turn to those who do not dissent from the Established Church at all, but are only accused of straining its laws in the other direction, and all Lord Ebury's toleration vanishes. He calls for new statutes, prompter tribunals, more stringent enactments, cheaper processes. "Dissensions" must be effectually dealt with, extravagances prohibited; practices having even a tendency to nonconformity must be checked. In the mouth of the Archdeacon of Taunton, language of this kind would be free from incongruity. But in the mouth of the champion of toleration, of the advocate of relaxation of tests, it is simply calculated to bring all liberality of opinion into contempt. Lord Ebury is obviously a man with strong Puritan sympathies, who wishes to cast out of the Church those whose bias is in the other direction. He naturally thinks that this object will be most effectually attained by the introduction within the Church of a large number of his own allies. Let him plainly and

openly urge these views, if he thinks fit. But he is scarcely entitled to gain his end under the guise of an ardour for comprehension and liberality which this letter to the Bishop of Rochester shows is very strange to his nature.

THE BHOOTAN EXPEDITION.

BUT little is generally known in this country about Bhootan, yet enough perhaps may be gathered, from imperfect maps and such descriptions as have reached us, to throw a good deal of light on the late intelligence from our expeditionary columns, and on the news which may now be expected. The Governor-General of India, in his proclamation in November last declaring the Bengal dooars of Bhootan to be for ever annexed to the British Empire, announced his intention also to annex so much of the hill country as would be necessary to defend the passes into the dooars, including the forts of Dewangiri, Pusakha, and Dalimkote. These forts, as some maps show, are all situated in the mountain range between the dooars and the higher country beyond—that of Dewangiri being to the eastward, Pusakha near the centre, and Dalimkote to the extreme westward of the range. The principal item of the intelligence yet received as to the progress of the campaign is that one of these forts—Dalimkote—was captured early in December. This capture, we have also been informed, was preceded by the unopposed advance of the column which accomplished it, and by reconnaissances which showed that two stockades on the way had been abandoned without resistance. We also learn that another column advancing against Pusakha had, in a reconnaissance, discovered that the strong fort of Chichacotta, lying a few miles inland from the point where it crossed the frontier, had been abandoned. Of the three strong places, then, indicated in the Governor-General's proclamation, one has been captured after some resistance, the path to it being unobstructed, and a similar absence of obstructions has been discovered at the beginning of the path to the other. As to the third, Dewangiri, the column to which the task of its capture was assigned was, at the latest date to which we have received intelligence, within two marches of the place, having also met with no resistance in the advance; and it was not expected that any serious opposition would here be offered. A rumour to the effect that the fort had already surrendered to a small Bengal police force before the arrival of the military column, is perhaps little entitled to confidence. The natural inference, however, from all the intelligence is that the expedition was at the beginning successful, nor does a minuter examination of the topography of the country and the arrangements of the expedition alter the complexion of the news.

The public mind is already familiarized with the idea that Bhootan is composed of mountain and plain in unequal proportions—the mountains to the north, the plains to the south—and that it is the plains we propose to annex. The country, indeed, may be described as an oval, the longer diameter of which, running from east to west, extends upwards of two hundred miles, while the breadth averages about eighty miles. The mountains occupy rather more than the northern half, the plains the remainder of the oval; and the passes from the hills to the plains are almost in the heart of the country, on a range of hills following very nearly the line of the longest diameter. Altogether there are three principal mountain ranges running east and west, parallel to each other. The most northerly is a section of the main ridge of the Himalayas, the boundary between Bhootan and Thibet; the second lies between the northern barrier and the third and southerly range, in which are the passes we have spoken of. These three ranges are connected by numerous transverse ridges, most numerous in the west, where also the third range sends out several spurs into the plains. It is in the west also that the mountains attain the greatest elevation, the two lowermost ranges and connecting ridges gradually dwindling towards the east. The rivers of the country, which are very numerous, flow down the valleys formed by these transverse ridges and the spurs from the lowermost range; and up these valleys it is the first task of our expeditionary columns to make their way.

The base of our operations is therefore chiefly Cooch Behar and Assam, through which the rivers of Bhootan continue their southward course till they reach the Burhampooter; Cooch Behar, it may be noted, bounding Bhootan for about forty miles along its south-west frontier, and Assam, with a small corner of the Bengal province of Rungpore, forming the remainder of the southern and south-eastern boundary. Part of the force, however, operates from a base in the Darjeeling district, which is still farther west than Cooch Behar, and bounds Bhootan for some distance; but the direction of the advance of this part of the force has also been, as will be seen, up one of the valleys we have described. It was originally intended that the expeditionary force should be divided into two columns—one to occupy the western, and the other the eastern dooars; but the plan was subsequently modified by subdividing these two columns into four, each acting at first independently, and called respectively the left, left centre, right centre, and right. Of these, the left in the west, and the right in the east, are the principal columns; the former operating from Darjeeling district, and the latter from Gowhatti, on the Burhampooter, distant at that point about thirty miles from the Bhootan frontier. They have each the assistance of one of the other two columns, whose points of departure are, severally, Cooch Behar and Goalpara, midway between Cooch Behar and Gowhatti.

The right and right centre columns form the weakest of the two wings of the expedition, having to take possession of the dooars

and passes of Bulka, Bara, Gooma, Ripoo, Sidlee or Cheerung, and Bignee, all lying in the east, where the country, as already mentioned, is less rugged than in the west. The right column, under Brigadier-General Mulcaster, is charged with the capture of Dewangiri, situated about sixty miles north from Gowhatti, and commanding the most eastern of these dooars, as well as the Assam dooars of Bhootan still further eastward, but not mentioned in the proclamation of annexation, though the path of the right column appears to lie through them. The force with the general is composed of three mountain guns, a troop of Bengal cavalry, a company of Bengal sappers, and a regiment of native light infantry, besides three companies of native infantry in support at Gowhatti. The right centre column is nearly as strong, consisting of the same number of guns, a squadron of cavalry, two wings of native infantry regiments, and a company of sappers, besides two companies of native infantry in support. The business of this column is to enter the dooars of Bignee and Sidlee, and then unite with the right column after its capture of Dewangiri for any further operations that may be necessary.

The two left columns had a more difficult task before them, and, having also commenced their operations sooner, justly attract more attention. The western dooars of which they were to take possession are named, counting from east to west, Buxa, Lukkee, Chamoorchee, Zamrekote, and Dalimkote, forming a tract of country about sixty miles wide, between the valleys of the Teesta—a river flowing between Bhootan and Darjeeling—and the Gaddada, one of the principal rivers in Bhootan. The rendezvous of the left column under Brigadier-General Dunsford was Julpigoree on the Teesta, and its path was across the river from Julpigoree, then up the left bank of the river, and afterwards up a small tributary near the source of which Dalimkote, at the distance of about thirty miles from the Cooch Behar frontier, is situated. The path of the left centre column, commanded by Colonel Watson, appears to be up the Boorlonga, a small river taking its rise in the lower range of hills, and flowing parallel to the Gaddada; the fortress of Pusakha, commanding the Buxa dooar, and towards which this column advances, lies in the strip of land between the two rivers, and is distant, like Dalimkote, about thirty miles from the Cooch Behar frontier. The two columns thus operate at first about fifty miles apart, but, according to the plan of operations, they were afterwards to unite, like the right and right centre columns. The left column, after capturing Dalimkote, was to bend eastward and capture Chamoorchee, midway between Dalimkote and Pusakha, and then advance to meet the left centre column, which was to bend westwards after the capture of the latter place. By this movement the columns would necessarily complete the annexation of the Western dooars, cutting them off from all communication with the higher country, and at the point of junction the united force would also be in a position to threaten the higher valleys in which the principal towns of the Bhootanese, Paro, Punakha, and others, are situated. Another advantage would be, that they would command one of the principal highways from Bhootan into Tibet, intercepting reinforcements from that country, upon which it is reported Tongso Pilloo, our fiercest enemy, was reckoning. These columns, having thus the brunt of the work to do, are proportionally stronger than the other two, particularly in artillery. They have three Armstrong mountain train guns each, and several eight-inch and five-and-a-half-inch mortars, to be employed in reducing the forts. The remaining forces of the left centre column are a company of Bengal sappers with three pontoon rafts, a regiment of Goorkhas, a wing of native infantry, and a troop of police cavalry, with the Rajah of Cooch Behar's troops in support. The left column, besides its artillery, has two companies of Sebundy sappers, one whole regiment of native infantry, and a wing from each of two other infantry regiments, besides cavalry. Eight companies of infantry, six of them European, are also in reserve and on outpost duty in Darjeeling, and a wing of native infantry is in support in Julpigoree.

Some notion may now be formed of the progress made with the plan chalked out for these two columns. They had been got together towards the latter end of November, having arranged to cross the frontier on the 1st of December, and their advance on the latter date was preceded by reconnaissances from the respective columns on the 28th of November. The reconnoitring party of General Dunsford's force found the stockade of Minagoree fifteen miles to the north-north-east abandoned, as well as another stockade named Domahonee, and both were at once occupied. The 1st of December was taken up in crossing the Teesta, and the passage of the supplies occupying part of another day, the force advanced to Kyranty, nearly halfway to Dalimkote, on the 3rd, Dalimkote itself was captured on the 6th, and the column was to start on its further advance on the 9th. The descriptions of Dalimkote, and how it was captured, prove the value of the position we have won. The only road for our troops through the dense forest and undergrowth covering the steep and lofty hill on the top of which the fort was placed, was a narrow and difficult pathway, up which they had to pass amid showers of arrows and stones from the heights above. The fort itself was found to be situated on a conical peak between two and three hundred feet high, with a thick stone wall, twenty feet in height, running round the edge of the summit, and the slope of the peak laid bare so as to uncover the approach of an enemy. Forming on the plateau of Ambik at the base of the slope, at the distance of about three hundred yards from the fort, our troops, after some artillery and mortar practice, during which the buildings in the

fort were set on fire, were able to take it at a rush amid the consequent confusion, the Bhootans escaping down the hill on the other side. Our loss, apart from the unfortunate explosion by which three officers were killed, was not very great; but apparently it was more serious than some anticipated, and the fact that nearly a whole day had to be spent in climbing to the position to be attacked had itself begun to make our troops feel what a disagreeable task was before them in the reduction of Bhootan forts. Regarding the left centre column, the reconnaissance on November 28 showed that the fort of Chichacotta near the frontier had been abandoned—a fact considered of some importance, as the fort was not only strong, but we were made acquainted with its strength so far back as 1772, when, in the only conflict we have hitherto had with the Bhootanese, we only captured it from them after a determined resistance. Delay seems to have attended the advance of this column, and further information as to its progress would be very desirable. Pusakha is no further distant from the frontier than Dalimkote, captured at the very outset by the column which advanced simultaneously with that directed against Pusakha. Has this last place not been captured? In some quarters in India the fear has been expressed that here is the weak point of the arrangements. Pusakha is even a stronger place than Dalimkote. As described by Captain Turner, who visited it in 1837, it appears to be almost inaccessible. The road to it from the plains is steep and winding, and at places so narrow, between overhanging cliffs on the one hand and yawning chasms on the other, that hardly any nerves would be equal to the task of advancing along it but for the trees which clothe the precipices and veil the terrors of the way. The fort itself is placed on the summit of a hill, the peak of which has been cut down and an extensive space levelled sufficient to accommodate a body of men numerous enough to hold the pass. It will be interesting to learn how the difficulties described are overcome or evaded, but the observation may be made that the left column at Chamoorchee—to which, as we have said, it was to advance beyond Dalimkote—would be in a position to strike the upper valley of the Gaddada, and, moving downwards, complete the investment of the fort, which is not likely to be provisioned for a siege. All these difficulties show that the expedition deserves to be watched with more anxiety and interest than has yet been accorded it in the prevailing ignorance of the territory in which it is operating. In spite of the facts that the native counsels are divided, that the villagers we have come in contact with appear to be friendly, and that the nearest stockades to our frontier have been abandoned, the resistance at Dalimkote, unsuccessful as it proved, shows that our occupation is not to be effected by a mere military promenade. However contemptible the Bhootanese may be as foes with their obsolete bows and arrows, long knives, and unwieldy matchlocks, opposed to rifles and Armstrong guns, it is certain they have some fight in them, and the country is as strong in mountain fastnesses as any in which a savage race has held at bay the disciplined troops of civilization.

REVIEWS.

DON CARLOS AND PHILIP II.*

A PECULIAR Nemesis seems to have been reserved for the most unsuccessful in Spain's long list of unsuccessful kings. That whole nations would curse the memory of Philip II. was probably an eventuality foreseen by himself with pious self-satisfaction. That his name would come to be regarded as typical of an unflinching zeal for the Catholic faith and its chosen instrument, the Holy Office, and of a consistent sacrifice on their behalf of the commonest claims of humanity, was the kind of fame he had doubtless marked out as his own from the moment when he succeeded to half his father's empire. But that his statecraft would be laid bare before the eager eyes of an heretical posterity—that Frenchmen and Flemings, Englishmen and Germans, would be permitted by his own royal successors to tear aside with reckless hands the veil of mystery with which he loved to envelop the diplomacy of the Escorial—could not have been divined by him even during his most stringent efforts at self-abasement. Philip's deeds were avenged by the dispersion of his Armada and the liberation of the Netherlands, by the downfall of Spanish power and of Catholic supremacy; and his statecraft, as dear to his heart as the victories of his Albas and the galleys of his Sidonias, has fallen to the ground before historical researches conducted by inquirers whom the learned heads of his own day would have despised as heartily as his generals despised the burgher-guard of Antwerp, and his admirals Drake and his brother-pirates. One by one, the clouds with which Philip industriously obscured the cumbersome movements of his unwieldy policy are clearing away before the sunlight of history; and the hapless king already stands exposed before the world with all his wearisome paraphernalia of intrigue and chicanery.

But if the process of judging of a man by the evidence of his own handwriting—or, at all events, of witnesses deriving their knowledge of him and his actions at first-hand—tends to remove the last rays of the awful halo with which the fame of his terrible deeds had surrounded him, on the other hand, we are by the same means enabled to estimate him fairly with reference to certain episodes in his career in which it is possible that he has been

* *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* Par M. Gachard. 2 tomes. Bruxelles.

unjustly treated by posterity. That Philip II. was guilty of the death of his unhappy heir, Don Carlos, has long been assumed as an axiom, not only by the general public of Protestant readers, whose faith derives an inexplicable confirmation from such beliefs, but by writers capable of, and accustomed to, weighing historical evidence. We know how William the Silent could mention the fact, as notorious and incontrovertible, in his famous Apology. The whole chorus of Protestant publicists and historians has never since hesitated to follow in his wake. Even orthodox and Spanish annalists cannot forbear to spice their pages, after the manner of Tacitus, by the suggestion of a much-meaning doubt as to the truth of the story. Lastly, poetry has interfered, and, as usual in cases of historical crimes, has done its best to ruin the chance of an impartial solution, by adding immeasurably to popular prejudice on one side of the question; though one noble dramatist on the subject can at all events raise against this accusation the plea of having always remained unreadable and unread. The fairest narrative of the life and death of Don Carlos has hitherto been that of Prescott, but his access to the materials of the story was limited and incomplete, nor was he even aware of the real place where to look for them; and he revives Cabrera's nightmare of a "green box" in the archives of Simancas, containing the whole proceedings of the imaginary secret tribunal, which has long since been found to contain papers referring to a totally different case from that of Don Carlos.

For the learned and distinguished Belgian archivist, M. Gachard, it has been reserved to add, in his *Don Carlos et Philippe II.*, another to the many and important services he has rendered to the history of Spain and the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. The apology which he makes for assuming the pen of an historian, instead of the humbler weapons of an editor, is most unnecessary. No recent work proves more completely how a mastery of his subject is, after all, the first requisite for an historian, and how it would cover a far greater number of defects than even M. Gachard's modesty can conceive him to labour under. He writes with a decided bias against Philip, very excusable in a patriotic Belgian historian, but which cannot prove hurtful to any one else, as the wealth of materials, and their judicious disposition, enable the reader to judge for himself. M. Gachard's narrative is straightforward and the reverse of pedantic, though at the same time he is scholar-like enough never to fall into those spasms of misplaced rhetoric to which the readers of certain other "rewritten" lives are accustomed. If we differ from him, it is, to some extent, as to the results of his inquiry, but not as to its method. Historic truth cannot be better served than by books like the present, in which the author absolutely forgets himself.

The sources of M. Gachard's work are, in the first instance, the public letters addressed by Philip to the Estates of Castile on the arrest and death of his son, and his correspondence with the Queen Dowager of Portugal, and with Pope Pius V., towards whom he employed or affected an openness which he rarely or never adopted in his communications to other Sovereigns. These, together with the correspondence of the Papal Nuncio, are all preserved in the National Library at Madrid. At Simancas, M. Gachard found, not indeed the famous green box, but Philip's whole correspondence on the subject with his agents at Lisbon, Rome, and Vienna. In Paris the missing link of the French correspondence (removed thither by Napoleon) was supplied; as were the Genoese reports at Turin, the English ones in our own State Paper Office, and those of the Belgian Ministers attached to Philip's person at Brussels. Alberi's now well-known publication of the reports of the Venetian Envoys (only partially known to Prescott), and the confidential letters of the Austrian Baron Dietrichstein, resident at Philip's Court with the Archdukes Ernest and Rhodolph (as given to the world by Philip's outspoken apologist, M. Koch), finally supplemented the other sources. From these materials M. Gachard has constructed a work of which it is sufficient to say that it probably contains all posterity will ever know as to the brief and wretched life of Don Carlos.

For, from the first to the last, this life is a picture which it is sickening to gaze upon. It is not so much the fate of a prince who was born to inherit the most splendid of European crowns, and who ended his life in the darkness of a dungeon—it is not so much the picture of the father in whose cold nature family affection alone disputed the place with religious fanaticism, and who all but witnessed with callousness the death of one whose birth he had hailed with rapture—which makes the picture so utterly and irretrievably melancholy. The most wretched feature in the whole is the character of the unfortunate prince himself, one of the ignoblest instances of the level to which human nature may descend, though born in the purple and cradled in the palace. From his grandfather Charles V., and his father Philip, Don Carlos had inherited only two things—from Philip his insensate obstinacy, and from Charles V. his inordinate love of eating. Now and then a trace appears of a sort of canine liking for those who treated him kindly, of which M. Gachard, like the Prince's tutors, is fain to make the most. To say that he was passionate would be a misuse of the term; for he rather hovered from the first on the verge of idiocy. His whole life is symbolized in the loathsome legend which states him, as an infant, to have been the death of three nurses. His relations to the other sex, which have made him a dramatic hero, only cause a shuddering pity when read in the light of reality. No episode in diplomatic history would be more absurd, were it not in the first instance so pitiable, than Philip's plots and counterplots about the marriage of the wretched boy whom no true

woman could regard otherwise than as the Queen Elizabeth regarded him—with eyes of angelic compassion, to which repugnance against anything human is a stranger.

It is not, however, the historical Don Carlos himself, but his fate, which has so long occupied the curiosity of inquirers. There is no evidence in M. Gachard's account, or, as far as we are aware, anywhere else, that the conduct of Philip II. towards his son before the latter reached his twentieth year is open to any reproach. There is, on the other hand, ample evidence that the conduct of the Prince had been throughout such as to engender the most natural distrust on the part of a father and a king. The following is M. Gachard's statement of the causes which originally tended to a rupture between them:—

Philip II. could not look with indifference upon the excesses in eating committed by his son, to the destruction of his health, nor upon the extravagances and brutalities to which he gave himself up, and which compromised his dignity as well as his reputation. He reproved him frequently, and even severely, for them. The pride of the Prince revolted against observations which each time became a cause of new bitterness between them.

On the other hand, Don Carlos had grievances against the King. He remembered how the latter, when sixteen years of age, had been invested by the Emperor with the government of the realms of Spain; he was nineteen years old himself, and he had no State to rule, no charge giving him any power. Whenever they met, he showed all the annoyance he felt. He attached a very low value to the favour which the King had accorded him in admitting him to the Council of State, nor unreasonably; for the great political questions, the main business of the monarchy, were rarely submitted to the deliberations of this Council; these the King settled privately with those of his Ministers who enjoyed most of his confidence.

From his infancy Don Carlos had been destined for the government of the Netherlands. The fever continuously besetting him, his fall at Alcala, his subsequent illnesses, had during several years prevented his leaving Spain; he was the first to recognise this. But these obstacles had ceased to exist; his health was re-established; he could easily support the fatigues of travel. Why then did his father refuse to realize an intention publicly known in Europe? He was offended at this, and bitterly complained of it.

He was also discontented with the King for deferring his reception, as heir-presumptive of the crown, by the Cortes of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. Finally he blamed him for retarding the conclusion of his marriage with the Archduchess Anne. We have seen how he had conceived a kind of passion for his cousin, and doubtless the idea that, in marrying him to the eldest daughter of the Emperor, his father would be obliged to cede to him, or at all events to place him at the head of, one of his States, was not unconnected with this feeling.

This anger against the King and his counsellors, combined with the desire of partaking in the deliberations of the latter, soon found expression in an attempt by the Prince on the life of the President of the Council, whom he only spared on his abject entreaties, and in the discovery of the heir to the Crown eavesdropping at the door of the Council Chamber. He subsequently appeared before the Cortes in the absence of the King, and openly upbraided them for their interference in his affairs, apprising them, at the same time, of his determination to accompany the King to Flanders. While manifesting this sudden desire of commencing his public life, he continued in private to give incredible instances of his unrestrained brutality. Soon after, when Alba was taking his leave for Flanders, the Prince flew at him in an ungovernable access of fury, and was with difficulty prevented from running him through the body. That the King should have daily been more and more perplexed what to do with his heir is, under these circumstances, conceivable. When the journey to Flanders of both King and Prince had been given up, the latter conceived his mad plan of flight, his intention being to pass into Italy, and thence either into the Netherlands or to the Imperial Court at Vienna. It is needless to say that, when Philip was informed of these designs by the Prince's confidant, Don John, nothing remained for him but to put some restraint upon the Prince. The discovery of the mortal hatred entertained by the latter towards his father, and unfolded by him in confession, made it necessary for this restraint to be of a close kind. The extraordinary measures taken by Don Carlos for the security of his person proved him either desperate or mad. In other words, Philip was justified in imprisoning his son.

The remaining portion of the tragedy is not so clear. M. Gachard has disposed for ever of the generally credited story of a secret commission or *junta* nominated by Philip to try (and condemn) the imprisoned prince. None of the documents consulted by him so much as allude to it; and Cabrera's invention resolves itself into the appointment by the King of Ruy Gomez and Cardinal Espinoza—at that time his most trusted advisers, and the former long the manager of the Prince's affairs—to inquire into his case; the licentiate Birviesca being possibly added as a jurist. "Mais d'un projet d'acte d'accusation à un procès en forme il y a loin encore"; and we are bound to add that even of the former there is no satisfactory proof. M. Gachard directs particular attention to a passage in the King's explanatory letter to the Pope, in which it is stated that Don Carlos' imprisonment is not of a temporary nature. If this shows anything, it indicates Philip's intention to keep his son in confinement as long as his state of mind lasted, which he could not but believe would be for ever. Why should he have spoken of a permanent imprisonment if he wished to put an end to the prisoner's life? M. Gachard exclaims against the inhumanity of Philip in not visiting his son, and consigns to limbo Cabrera's story of one consolatory visit on the part of the King. As we are not defending Philip, it would be useless to point out obvious reasons for his conduct in this particular, which would, at all events, show it to have been far from unnatural.

We are glad to see that the innate impartiality of a scholar leads M. Gachard to reject with contempt the various stories of Philip's

having poisoned his son either slowly or by one draught; for the version which ends Don Carlos' life by decapitation has been disproved by the actual inspection of his remains by a courageous inquirer. The Prince's attempts to put an end to his own life were carefully watched and defeated individually; but their collective effects could not be prevented. M. Gachard thus sums up the share of which he conceives Philip to have been guilty in the death of his son:—

Doubtless, the King had had grave motives to deprive Don Carlos of his freedom; he could not suffer his heir to place himself in open rebellion against him, and by ill-considered, if not factious, proceedings, to call forth troubles and revolt in the provinces of his monarchy. But could he not content himself with defeating his projects, by assuring himself of his person? Must he have treated him as a State criminal? separated him from his friends and servants? refused him air and space? submitted to an uninterrupted system of spies, by night and by day, his actions, his words, even his thoughts? Lastly, must he, by reducing him to despair, have driven him to attempt his own life by all the means remaining in his power? The sword, the poisoned cup, and the iron garotte are not the only instruments of death; moral tortures are also a deadly punishment, and it will be difficult to reconcile Philip with posterity for those which he made the unfortunate Don Carlos undergo.

These remarks may fairly be left to stand on their merits. But why should the same historian descend to such an assertion as this, that, after the death of the Prince, Philip retired into the monastery of the Escorial, "faisant montre d'une grande douleur, qu'il ne ressentait pas intérieurement"—a valueless statement given on the authority of the French Envoy, who informed his King that the death of Don Carlos freed Philip from several anxieties? Why should we refuse to the unhappiest of kings the admission of his having sorrowed over the gloomiest event of his gloomy reign, even if he had indirectly contributed to its occurrence?

JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES.*

WE are accustomed to consider American society as characterized by a portentous precocity of development. It would be obviously unsafe to assume, upon the authority of a single novel, that all the travellers in the United States have been mistaken on this point; but if John Godfrey's autobiography is at all a fair picture of American life, instances are not uncommon in which the transit from boyhood to manhood takes as long a time to accomplish as the most devout believer in the traditions of an older school of education could possibly desire. The great leap is made in the first chapter. The hero is suddenly roused from a dream of building a Crusoe's hut by the reflection, "Where would be the fun of playing Crusoe in a back garden, where a fellow's mother might call him away at any moment?" The first time that a boy realizes that life is something personal to himself, and not a kind of dramatic combination of the lives of his favourite heroes, must always be an important stage in his mental history. The transition from fancy to fact is often very startling and very dreary, and it is at this time that the rudimentary imagination which exists in almost every child dies out, not always to be replaced by any second or stronger growth. The detection of the romance which precedes reality is sometimes fatal to the perception of the romance which underlies reality. But what strikes us as surprising is, that this crisis should have been delayed, in the case of a Pennsylvanian sign-painter's son, until after he was sixteen. Nor is he a solitary example of this postponed mental growth. The school, to which he is going for the first time when the story opens, is composed of some "twenty boys or young men, of all ages from twelve to twenty-four." His next neighbour at his desk is "a grave, plodding youth of two-and-twenty"; his bed-fellow is "a boy of eighteen." Notwithstanding this, the teaching and habits are all those of an ordinary boys' school, and we can only accept the fact, as coming to us on good authority, that, side by side with the early maturity and settlement in life which we attribute to the American race, there exist, in out-of-the-way districts, instances of the other extreme more conspicuous than anything to be met with on this side of the Atlantic:—

I doubt if any shepherd on the high Norwegian felds lives in greater seclusion than did we. The Cross Keys lay aside from any of the main highways of the county, and the farmers around were mostly descendants of the original settlers of the soil, a hundred and fifty years before. Their lives were still as simple and primitive as in the last century. Few of them ever travelled farther than to the Philadelphia market, at the beginning of winter, to dispose of their pigs and poultry. A mixture of the German element, dating from the first immigration, tended still further to conserve the habits and modes of thought of the community.

Two years at school under a master who has "at least a smattering of every possible science," and a female assistant who would be willing to begin "the mathematical curriculum" again if she were certain that she should "experience a second time the sense of power which you feel when you have mastered the differential calculus," leave John Godfrey with no very definite plans for the future beyond that general attraction towards teaching and literature which is the natural accompaniment, in his class, of quick sensibilities and feeble physical powers. His mother's death, however, throws him for a while on the care of an uncle who keeps a grocery store in a neighbouring town. His duties as an assistant in the shop leave him time for a little reading, and for keeping a diary, of which he quotes one entry which reads so naturally that we wish the extracts had been more numerous:—

Jan. 28.—Cold and cloudy—emblematic of my life. In the afternoon, gleams of sunshine flashing like the wings of angels. Would I, too, could

* John Godfrey's Fortunes. By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

soar above these sublunary cares! Read "Childe Harold" while uncle was out. Is it wrong to steal one's intellectual food? No; the famishing soul must have nourishment.

A week's illness, and a fortnight of necessary idleness after it, turn his thoughts to writing, and before long fifty or sixty lines in heroic metre—the Spenserian stanza having been first tried without success—setting forth the isolation of an "unknown bard," extract from the editor of a Philadelphia paper the notice, "We are obliged to 'Selim' for his poem, which we shall publish shortly. It shows the hand of youth, but evinces a flattering promise. Let him trim the midnight lamp with diligence."

The most amusing part of Mr. Taylor's novel is the account of his hero's adventures as a country schoolmaster—a post which a quarrel with his uncle, arising from his refusal to be converted at a Revival, had hurried him into looking out for. It is a social neighbourhood, with frequent "gatherings" of the younger people on the Saturday evenings. The first of these to which John Godfrey is invited is at the house of Mr. Bratton, one of the school directors, who is inclined to be his special patron, and with whose daughter Amanda he has already fallen in love. The immediate occasion of this festivity is the arrival of Miss Amanda's new pianoforte, and after the guests have sat for some time in two columns, male and female, along opposite sides of the parlour wall, their young hostess is importuned to play:—

"Oh, I'm really afraid before so many," she exclaimed, with a modesty which charmed me; "besides, the piano is hardly fit to be played on, is it, pa?"

"It'm—well," said her father, "I believe it is a little out of tune, from being jolted on the road, but I guess our friends would make allowance for that."

"Oh yes! we shan't notice it!" eagerly burst forth from a dozen voices.

After some further solicitation, Miss Amanda took her seat, and a breathless silence filled the room. She struck two or three chords, then suddenly ceased, saying, "Oh, I can't! I shall shock you; the G is so flat."

"Go on!" "It's splendid!" and various other encouraging cries again arose.

Perhaps some amateur musicians in England would almost put up with the drawbacks of a society in which pianos were uncommon, to secure such a measure of attention on their infrequent opportunities of performing. John Godfrey is not allowed, however, to nurse the image of Amanda without interruption. The sight of a new face impresses the susceptible heart of Miss Verbena Cuff, a "plump rattling girl, who was not afraid to poke a fellow in the ribs with her forefinger, and say, 'Oh, go 'long now!'" when anything funny was said, and as they leave the party she takes his arm, and proposes that they should "hang back a little." The object of this manœuvre is to convey a somewhat obscurely expressed invitation to come the next Saturday to see her brother's lime-kiln "set a burning," on the plea "that there'll be a bully blaze." In the hope of meeting Amanda at this "weird and poetic" party, John Godfrey goes; but the absence of preparation and of guests leads him speedily to suspect that Miss Verbena has selected this particular night simply because her brother will be occupied at the kiln, and there will, consequently, be a favourable opportunity for a little preliminary courting—"a common expedient, in many parts of the country, to determine whether the parties were likely to love each other." Her old mother's greeting, "Young people will be young people—I s'pose I'm in the way now," coupled with her retirement into the kitchen, and the assurance from the fair Verbena that she has lit a fire in the parlour, and is only "going up stairs to fix," gradually change suspicion into certainty. Horrified at the thought of what is expected of him, as well as determined to keep his ideal passion pure from any vulgar alloy, Godfrey leaves the house while Miss Cuff is engaged in this last-mentioned process, on the plea of paying a visit to the kiln, and thence manages to make his way home, at the cost, in his passage to the road, of a roll down some twenty feet of bank for which he had not allowed.

In these descriptions of the hero's early adventures, charged as they are with a good deal of local colour and some curious details of American rural life, consists the principal merit of *John Godfrey's Fortunes*; and consequently the first volume is decidedly the best of the three. After that point the reader's interest steadily declines, and it dies of exhaustion some time before the end of the journey is reached. The next step in his career takes Godfrey to New York, where he fails to find a market for his poems, and is reduced to accept an offer of occasional employment as purveyor to a magazine of "short sentimental stories—something light and airy, such as women like to read—with a good deal of millinery in them." His first attempt in this direction is nearly shipwrecked by its ending in the elopement of the heroine; "the *Hesperian*," as the proprietor remarked, being "a family magazine, and designed to contain nothing which could plant an unconventional or rebellious thought in the breast of infancy." However, the author consents to substitute a conclusion less offensive to parental subscribers, and gets five dollars for his trouble. Newspaper work follows, and then a volume of poems, the reputation of which serves to introduce the hero into a second-rate literary circle, some of whose eccentricities read like copies in fainter ink of the American scenes in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The following, for instance, reminds one of Mrs. Hominy, or "the lady in the wig":—

"Tell me now, Mr. Godfrey," said Mrs. Yorkton, "what is your usual process of composition? I don't mean the fine frenzy, because all poets must have that, of course; but how do you write, and when do you find the combination of influences most favourable? It is a subject which interests

me greatly; my own temperament is so peculiar. Indeed, I have found no one upon whom the inspiration seizes with such power. Does it visit you in the garish light of day, or only awake beneath the stars? Must you wear a loose dressing-gown, or is your muse not impeded by the restraints of dress?"

"I am really unable to say," I answered. "I have always been in the habit of writing whenever I felt that I had a good subject, whether by day or night."

"How fortunate!" she exclaimed, "how I envy you! Your *physique* enables you to do it; but with my sensitive frame it would be impossible. I feel the approach of inspiration in every nerve; my husband often tells me that he knows beforehand when I am going to write, my eyes shine so. Then I go up stairs to my study, which is next to my bed-room. It always comes on about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind blows from the south. I change my dress and put on a long white gown, which I wear at no other time, take off my stays, and let my hair down my back. Then I prance up and down the room as if I was possessed, and as the lines come to me I dash them on a black board one after another, and chant them in a loud voice. Sometimes I cover four boards—both sides—before the inspiration leaves me. The frail body is overcome by the excitement of the soul; and at night my husband often finds me lying on the floor in the middle of the room, panting—panting!"

"I should think it must be very exhausting," I ventured to remark. "Killing," she exclaimed with energy. "I am obliged to take restoratives and stimulants after one of these visits. It wouldn't be safe for me to have a penknife in the room, or a pair of scissors, or a sharp paper-cutter, while the frenzy is on me. I might injure myself before I knew it. But it would be a sweet, a fitting death. If it ever comes, Mr. Godfrey, you must write my thanatopsis!"

In the meantime, Amanda, to whom Godfrey had engaged himself before leaving Upper Samaria, proves false, and another young lady takes her place. The latter makes a deeper impression than her predecessor, and when she breaks off her acquaintance with Godfrey through a misunderstanding, he becomes utterly reckless, throws up his situation on the newspaper, plunges into every kind of riot, and at last is reduced very nearly to starvation. From this he is rescued by a semi-miraculous expedient, and ultimately, of course, Miss Haworth's mistake is cleared up, and she bestows herself and her fortune on her repentant lover. If we may judge the true bent of Mr. Taylor's powers from the present work, we should counsel him on another occasion to limit himself more strictly to painting the rural life of the United States. The most amusing and characteristic features of *John Godfrey's Fortunes* are just those which disappear altogether when the scene is changed to New York.

TODLEBEN'S DEFENCE OF SEBASTOPOL.*

(Concluding Notice.)

THE capture of the Balaklava redoubts, and the discomfiture of the English light cavalry, raised the spirits of the garrison of Sebastopol. Their attempts to keep under the besiegers' fire, by the perpetual establishment of fresh batteries and the constant repair of the damaged works during the night, increased in vigour; and on the next day a sortie was ordered against the right of the English, to distract their attention from Liprandi. Six battalions of infantry and four guns crossed the Careening Bay ravine about 1 P.M., and marched up its eastern side upon the English camp on the plateau above Inkerman Valley. According to the Russian account, the English pickets retired precipitately upon their main force, which to the number of 16 battalions and 18 guns was concentrated on the old post-road that runs across the plateau. In the teeth of superior numbers and heavier artillery, the head of the Russian columns forced its way up to the very entrenchments, and was just commencing a hand-to-hand struggle when the colonel in command of the detachment was severely wounded. The officer who succeeded to his post thought it wisest to order a retreat, which was executed with perfect success under the protection of the steam-frigates in the harbour, without any pursuit by the enemy, who confined themselves to a heavy fire of artillery and musketry. The whole loss of men in the sortie is stated by Todleben as 270—44 killed, 213 wounded, and 13 missing. Sir De Lacy Evans, who commanded the English division attacked, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. He says that the pickets withstood the Russian advance with remarkable determination and firmness; that, under the heavy fire of his guns and the close fire of his advanced infantry, the Russians soon fell into complete disorder and flight, and were then "literally chased over the ridges and down towards the head of the bay." Above 80 prisoners fell into his hands, and about 130 of the Russian dead were left within or near his position. In face of General Evans' despatch, it is difficult to feel implicit confidence in the accuracy of the details and returns of this or of other sorties furnished to history through the pages of Todleben. Again it is to be noticed that Todleben was not an eye-witness of the scene he describes. Sir De Lacy Evans notes that Bosquet, with five battalions, "approached the position," and that the Brigade of Guards covered the right flank; but the infantry actually engaged seem from his despatch to have belonged exclusively to five line regiments of Evans' own division. Colonel Hauley, who commanded one of the batteries engaged, speaks of the English infantry force which sustained the attack, and drove back the Russians, as a handful of 1,500 men opposed to some 6,000. So easy it is for a shield to have two sides exceedingly diverse in colour. This was the conflict called Little Inkerman, which induced Sir De Lacy Evans and the Duke of Cambridge to press for that strengthening of the defences of their exposed position on the plateau which, up to the day of Inkerman, Lord

Raglan's over-burdened Department of Works was unable to afford them.

The main object of the French attack continued to be the fourth bastion, or Flagstaff battery, to which their trenches advanced nearer and nearer. The houses and hospitals of the town near the line of fortification began to suffer severely from the bombardment. On the night preceding the 1st of November, the French sappers were so close that they could be heard working in their trenches from the fourth bastion. The next morning six fresh batteries opened upon the bastion, on which the French were now able to concentrate the fire of 44 guns and 30 mortars. It was held by a force of 800 men, which Todleben says it was impossible to strengthen, as no shelter from the enemy's murderous fire could be found for a greater body. In his opinion, an assault upon the fourth bastion at this time must have succeeded, and the French might have established themselves in the work with 20,000 men, before the general reserve in the town (12,000 strong) could have crossed the steep slope of the Boulevards, swept by a cross-fire from both French and English batteries, to retake it. A further assault on the town would have been unnecessary when the capture of this bastion had cut the line of defence in two, and enabled the enemy to plant batteries which would have taken in reverse the Redan and other principal bastions, and commanded the town and the Dockyard Creek. In spite of all the energy of the defenders, "il faut reconnaître que les forces de la défense, au 4-ème bastion, touchaient à leur agonie." Reinforcements for the allies might, moreover, be expected to arrive by sea without any serious hindrance from the approach of winter, which would render the bad roads over which the Russian reserves would have to travel almost impracticable. All the additional strength Mentschikoff could count on for the moment he had received already; and its arrival had increased his army by the 3rd of November to 100,000 men, while the allies amounted at the outside to 71,000. These considerations necessarily provoked the Russian general to try a decisive action outside the town, in which an entire success might force the enemy to raise the siege, and a partial success might at least delay the apparently imminent assault for a time. Unless Mentschikoff is belied by the gossip of history, he felt so confident of the issue as to write to the Czar that, in a few days, the invader would either perish by the sword or be driven into the sea.

According to the general orders of the Russian commander-in-chief for the 5th of November, 29 battalions (19,000 men) and 38 guns, under General Soimonoff, were to march at 6 A.M. from the mouth of Careening Bay ravine, against the English position on the plateau of Mount Sapoune. The detachment of 20 battalions (16,000 men) and 95 guns under General Pauloff, which were encamped on the heights north of the Tchernaya, was to repair the bridge of Inkerman during the night, and, after crossing it, to join Soimonoff on his march up to the plateau. General Dannenberg was to take the command of both columns on their junction. Gortschakoff, who now commanded the force at Tchorgoun, which mustered above 15,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, was directed to support the main attack, to draw on himself as much of the enemy's strength as he could, to try to gain one of the ascents of Mount Sapoune, and to hold his cavalry in readiness to mount the hill on the first possibility. The garrison of Sebastopol was to cover with its fire the right flank of the main attack, and, if any chance occurred, to seize the enemy's batteries. Another corps of observation, 4,000 strong, watched the Baktchisarai road. The details were left by Mentschikoff to the generals commanding the several columns. Soimonoff resolved to follow the course of the former, or Little Inkerman, sortie, crossing the Careening Bay ravine at its mouth, and marching up its eastern side to the plateau. A strong company of sappers was attached to the reserves of his column, with orders to entrench the position as soon as the English army should have been driven out of it, under the direction of Todleben, who appears to have accompanied the reserve in person. During the night, however, Soimonoff received an order from Dannenberg to change his dispositions so far as to strike up the left bank of the Careening Bay ravine, leaving the right to be occupied by the parallel march of Pauloff's column. Finding the order insufficiently explicit, he adhered to the plan of attack which had been previously arranged, marched at five in the morning, crossed the ravine, and by six had brought his column and its artillery into order of battle on the slope leading up to the plateau:—

La nuit était encore sombre, lorsque nos troupes quittèrent leurs bivouacs. Cependant les Anglais, n'ayant pas le moindre soupçon du danger auquel ils allaient être exposés, dormaient paisiblement dans leur camp. Leurs avant-postes, trempés de pluie, frissonnaient au souffle pénétrant d'un vent glacial, et à demi engourdis de fatigue et d'inanition, ne prêtaient pas grande attention à ce qui se passait dans notre camp. Quelques unes des sentinelles avaient bien entendu dans l'éloignement un bruit sonore et un grincement de roues, mais elles n'y avaient attaché aucune importance, persuadées que ce bruit provenait de quelques arbas tatars, alors en mouvement. A 4 heures du matin, on entendit le son des cloches d'une église, ce qui pourtant attira l'attention de l'ennemi, mais sans qu'il s'y arrêtât longtemps. La journée du 24 octobre — était un dimanche, et les avant-postes anglais prirent le son des cloches pour un appel à l'office des matines.

The shock fell first upon the 2nd Division, commanded, in the absence of General Evans from sickness, by General Pennefather. On hearing the first musketry fire between the pickets and the Russian skirmishers, he drew up his division in line across the head of the plateau, from the Sandbag battery on the right (a small unfinished and unarmed work facing the head of the ravine of the quarries, down which the old post-road descends to the

* Défense de Sébastopol. Lieutenant-General E. de Todleben. Tome I.

valley and bridge of Inkerman) to the head of Careening Bay ravine. One brigade of the Light Division, under Codrington, took post on the opposite or western side of Careening Bay ravine, leaning its left on the right Lancaster battery of the besieging attack; the other brigade, under Buller, was drawn up in rear of Pennefather's left. The brigade of Guards, the 4th Division under Cathcart, and one brigade of England's division, came up in support. The Rifles and Eyre's brigade alone remained to guard the trenches, and the Highland brigade was far away at Balaklava. Todleben here assumes the effective strength of the Guards, and Brown's and Evans' divisions, as 11,585 men (professedly from English accounts), and complains that the disproportion of numbers has been greatly exaggerated. The five Russian regiments which led the first attack he estimates at 15,141 men. Taking England's and Cathcart's divisions at a corresponding strength, the whole of the disposable troops within Lord Raglan's reach to resist the attack of the Russian columns would amount (on paper) to some 18,000. It is clear, however, that this estimate takes no account of the heavy sick list under which the English force was already suffering "de fatigue et d'inanition." If the cholera which followed the armies from Varna, the losses on the Alma, and six weeks' duty in the trenches had left the brigade of Guards (as Todleben states in this place) 2,800 strong on the 5th of November, or either the Light or 2nd Division 4,380 strong, English witnesses were very much deceived. The general belief at the time was that some eight thousand English and six or seven thousand French were all that took part in the battle—a belief corroborated by the positive statement to that effect in Lord Raglan's despatch. The extreme weakness of his army revealed by the fact must have given Lord Raglan himself more poignant anxiety than could be outweighed by any vanity he might have felt in exaggerating the heroism of its stubborn resistance. The French *Atlas Historique*, in its summary of Inkerman, gives in detail the strength of each English regiment engaged. On its showing, the Guards, with Evans' and Brown's divisions, mustered only 8,560; Cathcart's division, and the brigade of England's division which formed Lord Raglan's last available reserve, mustering some 6,000. We may remark that Todleben's professed "information from English sources" contradicts patently his equally authoritative statement of the allies' strength on the 4th of November, to be found twenty-six pages earlier in the volume, which corresponds to a single man with the details of the French *Atlas*. So inadvertently is the great history of the great Russian defence of Sebastopol compiled by the Imperial historian.

Soimonoff's column attacked the left and centre of the 2nd Division, driving it backwards on its encampment, and capturing for the time a small entrenchment with two guns, called Battery No. 2 on the plans, some way to the rear, as well as to the left, of the Sandbag battery. It was already hotly engaged when the head of Pauloff's column, which did not cross the bridge of Inkerman till seven o'clock, came on the ground. Creeping up the Volovia ravine, which falls to the extreme right of the harbour, and the ravine of the Quarries east of the post-road, Pauloff's leading division fell at once upon the right of the English line, and struggled long and fiercely with Adams' brigade for the Sandbag battery. The brigade of Guards came up in support of Adams, and inclined the balance on the right in favour of the English. Meantime, on the left of the position, the murderous fire of Pennefather's men, as they slowly gave ground, had deprived Soimonoff's attack of many of its officers, and among them of Soimonoff himself. A momentary success against the batteries of the Light Division beyond the head of Careening Bay ravine had been converted into a disastrous repulse. The Russian batteries were too distant to support thoroughly the advance of the infantry columns; and, after the fall of Soimonoff and so many of their commanders, that infantry first halted, then fell back, and slowly retired off the plateau. Pennefather's and Buller's brigades were thus set free to assist in completing the repulse of the first attack against the English right. Pauloff's eight battalions were driven down into the ravine of the Quarries, as Soimonoff's twelve had been driven towards Careening Bay. By eight o'clock the two leading columns, which together had attacked with a strength of 15,000, had fallen back, not to reappear in the battle, which for the moment was reduced to a heavy mutual cannonade. But the remainder of Pauloff's force, 10,000 strong, and accompanied by fresh and powerful artillery, had just gained the plateau, and was hurled at once by Dannenberg against the right of the English. The unfinished Sandbag battery was now held by the Coldstream Guards, and the combat in and round it was long and bloody. At last (says Todleben), after unheard-of efforts on both sides, "les soldats d'Okhotsk réussirent à repulser les Coldstreams de la batterie, et à s'en emparer. Neuf bouches à feu furent le prix de ce brillant fait d'armes; on en descendit immédiatement trois dans le ravin et les autres furent enclouées." It is not easy to understand, on so bare a statement of the fact, how nine guns were captured in a work which from the first is allowed to have been unarmed. If the Guards were thus driven out of the Sandbag battery, it was only for the moment. Supported by Adams' brigade, and cheered by the sight of Cathcart's approach, they retook it (says Todleben) from the Okhotsk regiment, but to lose it again definitively to the Iakoutsk regiment, the following column of Dannenberg's attack, which was thereby enabled to establish itself firmly on the right of the English position. Cathcart's two brigades, which had attempted to roll up both flanks of this column in a simultaneous attack

from right and left, were themselves surrounded, and only succeeded with great loss in breaking a way through the Russian masses, and escaping entire destruction. The right flank of the English position was thus entirely uncovered, and the remains of the British right wing closed upon the centre near Battery No. 2, the entrenchment upon the old post-road which is said to have been captured for the moment in the first rush of Soimonoff's column. By Lord Raglan's orders, two heavy siege-guns had been now dragged up, with great difficulty, to this point, where they exercised considerable influence on the fate of the battle, as did also the batteries pushed forward with Codrington's brigade on the extreme left, which, from the western side of the Careening Bay ravine, swept across the path of the Russian columns as they advanced to a fresh attack. Before long the French began to come up to the assistance of the exhausted English. Two and a half battalions, which first reached the field, took post to the east of the old post-road, on the right of the reduced English line. A violent fire drove them back for the moment; they re-formed and attacked the Russians a second time, but were again driven back with heavy loss by the columns in their front, and at the same time taken in the rear. The battle was all but decisively won by the Russians, when, at a little after ten o'clock, Bosquet arrived with his reinforcement of Zouaves, and turned the fate of the day. Pauloff's second column, which had driven the English and the first detachment of French from the right of the field, gave way in its third struggle with these fresh troops, and was beaten back into the heads of the ravines. Meantime, the English had time to re-form, and to replenish their supply of ammunition, and began to regain their ground on the left of the French. Between twelve and one o'clock, General Dannenberg became convinced that nothing was left him but to withdraw his artillery and troops from the plateau with the least possible loss. To cover his retreat, he pushed forward the gallant Wladimir regiment, which had stood for so long the brunt of the English attack at the Alma. He retired in perfect order, with the enemy's artillery and skirmishers pressing sharply on his rear, until the steamers in the head of the harbour were close enough to give some protection. His two main columns and artillery-trains defiled slowly to right and left, across the Inkerman bridge and into Sebastopol, by the roads over which they had respectively marched to the attack in the morning. The tail of the artillery train going into the town would have been captured, from breaking down on the road which skirts the harbour, had not Todleben, who happened to be on the spot, wheeled round and opened fire with four guns, while he faced about a sufficient force of infantry to deter the enemy. It was eight at night before the last of the artillery and the rear-guard were within the walls of the town. So ended the main battle of Inkerman.

Todleben's outline of the struggle is substantially the same as that given in the *Atlas Historique*. The main point upon which it differs from the story which has obtained general credence in England touches the defence of the Sandbag battery by the brigade of Guards. Is it a fact that the Guards were ever driven completely out of the work by the Okhotsk regiment? or is it, again, a fact that, after the first alleged loss and recapture, they were, as Todleben and the French *Atlas* assert, a second time, and finally, driven out of it by the Iakoutsk regiment, which held it till, in its turn, it was driven out by the French? Lord Raglan's despatch certainly states that the Guards were obliged to retire, and that afterwards they retook the redoubt. Lord Raglan's despatch gives no hint that they ever lost hold of the redoubt a second time; and the plainest, if not the only, sense of his words seems to be that it was on their being relieved by the French, not from being repelled by the Russians, that they retired to re-form behind the centre. Lord Raglan was not a man to extenuate, or to set down naught in malice, either for or against his own soldiers. Had he known, when writing his despatch, that the Guards were decisively driven out of the work before our allies reached the field, it seems certain that he would not have passed it over in silence. If such a thing did happen, it is almost impossible that he should not have known it. We have always understood that the Guards themselves at the time felt aggrieved at the allegation in his despatch that they had ever quitted their hold of the redoubt for a moment, and stoutly denied its accuracy, even when coupled with the admission that they recovered the position immediately. It is easy to comprehend that, in a desperate and continuous hand-to-hand struggle of hours, the actual mastery of the redoubt may have seemed to the Russians on the spot to have been once torn for a moment fairly out of the grasp of their enemies, while the Guards might as fairly believe that it never changed its owners. But as to the question of their being decisively driven out of and away from it, there ought to be no mistake. Every English narrative, as far as we know, states as an undoubted fact that the Guards did hold the Sandbag battery till the French came up, and by holding it did prevent the Russians from rolling up the right flank of the English. Fearfully diminished in strength, almost totally exhausted of ammunition, in meeting shock after shock of the successive waves of the Russian onset that broke against them, it is no wonder and no disgrace if they were forced out of their position. It may be granted that, if the French had not arrived, and the Russians had continued the attack as fiercely, the Guards must in the end have lost the ground by the sheer process of dwindling away. But, if the thing did not happen so, it is for the interests of truth that the version given by Todleben should be authoritatively corrected. There are still among us eyewitnesses and actors on the scene, whose evidence

ought to set the question at rest for ever. Where the history of so great a battle is told with so much detail, no doubt should rest upon the facts which constitute the very crisis of the day. If any Guardsman who was on the spot can tell us, clearly and positively, what actually took place, the time for his speaking out is come now.

Between nine and ten in the morning, a strong sortie was made from Sebastopol against the French siege-works on the left, the repulse of which fully occupied the besieging corps under General Forey for two hours. The army of Tchorgoun, under Prince Gortschakoff, made a demonstration against the eastern heights of Mount Sapouné and the lines of Balaklava; but so feebly that Bosquet, who commanded the covering force to the rear of the English, was soon satisfied that no serious attack was intended from that quarter, and drew off without hesitation, from the front of Gortschakoff, the greater part of his force for use in the real struggle. A strong body of cavalry from this Tchorgoun detachment was kept ready below the Tchernaya ford to move up to the heights, upon orders from Dannenberg, by the post-road of the Quarry ravine, as soon as the English should have been finally driven out of their position. If the Guards were (as Todleben asserts) rolled back in a disorganized mass from the Sandbag redoubt before the French arrived, and the right flank of the English was thereby left completely uncovered, one is tempted to ask why the Russian cavalry made no use of the opportunity. Having stated the outline of the general orders issued to Prince Gortschakoff, and the manner in which he executed them, Todleben refrains from any special criticism on that officer; but it is clear that he attributes to the transparent weakness of the demonstration in the valley a very prominent influence on the failure of the concerted attack. Soimonoff's adherence to the originally planned line of march up the easterly side of the Careening Bay ravine has always been alleged by the Russians as another determining cause of the failure, from its crowding the Russian columns of attack into a space too narrow for them to deploy in at once, and utilize their numerical superiority. Had he marched up the left bank of the ravine, and left the other side free for Pauloff's forces to open out in, he would have engaged Codrington's brigade more seriously and to greater advantage. Lord Raglan's account of the tactics actually employed goes some way to sustain this view, when he says that "the configuration of the ground" (to the right, that is, of the ravine) "did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns." The brushwood which straggled over the point of the position, though it undoubtedly contributed to the completeness of the surprise, is also put forward by Todleben, and with great plausibility, as a distinct advantage to the weaker but better-armed party defending the position when the assault had once begun. As at Alma, much is put to the credit of the terrible precision of the fire of the English rifles against the advancing columns at long range, when the Russian smoothbores were comparatively innocuous. Todleben speaks more than once with most generous and critical enthusiasm of the conduct of the English artillery, and draws a strong contrast between its manœuvring on this day and that of the Russian gunners. The English artillery "supported their infantry admirably," "went everywhere," and opened the closest fire on the attacking masses. The Russian batteries were well enough served, as against the batteries opposing them, but they remained through the battle where they had been posted at the commencement of the attack, never moving forward to co-operate with the infantry columns, whose advance sometimes masked the fire of their own artillery. English observers of the battle have, on the other hand, always spoken with sincere admiration of the cool steadiness and skill shown by the Russian gunners in withdrawing their guns when the day was irretrievably lost. None of the three nations can afford, or need wish, to dispute that abundant heroism was shown on all sides on the day which earned for itself the name of "the soldiers' battle."

The battle of Inkerman did not drive the invaders into the sea, nor establish a counter-siege of the English army on the top of the plateau. But it did succeed in postponing for an indefinite time the assault on Sebastopol. The strength of the masses which Mentschikoff had been able to hurl against the thin lines of the English, weakened moreover as those thin lines were "de fatigue et d'inanition"—the knowledge which Lord Raglan must have possessed of the smallness of any reinforcements likely to reach himself, and the entire uncertainty whether a fresh Russian corps d'armée might not at any moment appear on the heights to the north of Sebastopol—everything proved to the council of war held by the allied commanders after Inkerman, that if it would have been rash to storm the defences on first reaching the south side of the town, it would be twice as rash now. Even could the town have been taken, it could never have been held; and the positions of the besieged and the besiegers would have been almost exactly reversed if the necessary losses of the assault had induced the Russian covering army once more to attempt to wrest from the English the heights of Mount Sapouné. Nothing could be done but to hold on through the winter. To those who began to feel what a Crimean winter on the plateau would be for an army provided only for a summer campaign, the siege of Sebastopol grew a larger enterprise than it had seemed at first. The hurricane of the 14th of November showed that the elements were likely to be as deadly a foe as the Russians; and the inefficiency of a carefully devised system of checks and counterchecks in our military administration, calculated for maintaining an ostensible

army in time of peace on the cheapest footing, and for breaking down from its inelasticity under the sudden pressure of a mighty war, was destined, in face of the elements and the Russians, to prove to ourselves the deadliest foe of all.

LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL.*

THERE is perhaps no class of matters, historical or legendary, in which it is so hard to get up an interest as in matters purely Celtic. And this is true notwithstanding that at least two classes of Celtic subjects have obtained the widest popularity. The legends of Arthur have been popular for ages, and Mr. Tennyson has secured for them a fresh lease of popularity in our own day. So the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott invested everything to do with the Highlander, the Northern Gael, with an interest which, if it has somewhat flagged, has far from died out. But we suspect that these are exceptions which prove the rule. The Arthurian legends are Celtic only from the point of view of a professed historian or a professed mythologist. It is certain that, if Arthur and his Knights existed at all, they were simply Welshmen and nothing else. But we suspect that most of the readers of "Idylls of the King" would stare at hearing them called Welshmen. Arthur, as the type of a chivalry which, if it ever existed and if he ever existed, did not exist till long after his time, has become the common property of chivalrous Europe. No one thinks of Arthur or anything to do with him as distinctively Welsh; but we suspect that many readers, in the common though strange confusion between race and country, look on him and all to do with him as distinctively English. The story has ceased to be Celtic; neither names nor places nor manners call up any distinctly Celtic associations. As for the Highlanders, first of all, they were brought into notice by a great genius. A power inferior to Scott's would probably have failed to interest us in the Highlanders; a power equal to Scott's might possibly have thrown an equal interest over Irishmen or Welshmen. But this is not all. The Highlander does not interest us purely as a Highlander. He forms part of the complex notion of Scotland. And it is over Scotland generally, Celtic and Teutonic alike, that Scott has really thrown his spell. The Highlander gets somehow credited with the exploits, real or imaginary, of a great number of persons in whose eyes the Highlander was simply a cattle-stealer. Lord Macaulay says, with perfect truth, that to draw Bruce or Douglas in a Highland plaid is as ridiculous as it would be to draw Washington brandishing the tomahawk of a Red Indian. But the receivers of popular talk on such matters do not perceive the absurdity. As Lord Macaulay again shows, the two races in Scotland have contrived to throw all the damage that either ever did to the other into one common fund of Scottish glory. If the Highlander had stood quite alone on his own merits, and if he had found only inferior hands to celebrate him, we suspect that very few people would have cared about him at all.

We imagine this from seeing how utterly impossible it is to get up any interest about the Celt pure and simple as we see him in Wales and Ireland. No one cares for any Welsh hero except Arthur, and people care for Arthur only because they do not realize that he was Welsh. It requires personal knowledge of the country, the language, or the people to kindle the slightest spark of enthusiasm on the subject. The Irishman, the "Western Gael" of Mr. Ferguson, is, if possible, more hopeless still. It would require a great genius indeed to make us care in the least for tales which we know are not history and which have acquired no fame or interest as legends. The inherent beauty of an Irish legend may be as great as that of a Greek or a Teutonic legend, but it has external difficulties to struggle with which they have not. Even with some forms of Teutonic legend the times are apt to seem strange and the names uncouth, but with Celtic legends these disadvantages recur with tenfold force. We can fancy some people stumbling at the Nibelungen-Lied, but who could fail to stumble at the *Tain-Bo-Cualgne*? It is very likely that all this difficulty lies in externals; a real genius might conquer them and might make ancient Irish legends interesting and familiar. It is certain, from the success of several writers of fiction in that walk, that later Irish life can be invested with real interest. It is therefore probable that ancient Irish life could be also. But we cannot think that Mr. Ferguson has succeeded in the attempt. He has neither mythological skill to interest us in the legends, as legends, nor yet poetical skill enough to attract us to his verses for their own sake. There are pretty bits enough here and there, but the thing, as a whole, is decidedly wearisome.

Mr. Ferguson seemingly both knows the ancient Irish stories and believes in them as historical truth. In the Introductory Note to the first piece, "The Tain-Quest," he tells us the story of a King of Ulster and Queen of Connaught, who reigned "about the commencement of the Christian era," in the gravest style of a local antiquary. He clearly believes every word of it. He does not seem to feel in the least that he is dealing with matters at once mythical and unfamiliar, and which it requires very great art to render in any way attractive. No contrast can be greater than this to the half-sportive way in which Scott, in the notes to his poems, sets forth and explains his various Highland and Lowland legends, making the notes scarcely less interesting—some people think more interesting—than the poem itself. We had not the least

* *Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems.* By Samuel Ferguson. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

notion, till we opened Mr. Ferguson's book, who Nessa and Neesa and Deirdra and Maev were, and we should like to have them introduced to us in a somewhat clearer and less solemn manner. What, for instance, is "the military order of the Red Branch" to which several of Mr. Ferguson's worthies belonged? Mr. Ferguson brings in the order and its "companions" with the utmost seriousness, but without a word of explanation, as if it were something which everybody knew all about. Then it is, to say the least, unlucky that in the same story there should be two people with names so much alike as Nessa and Neesa, and moreover that Nessa should be a woman and Neesa a man. We have to stop every minute to feel quite sure of the personality and the sex of the person of whom we are reading. Then, when we come to the poem itself, we find that it is not exactly about the people of whom the Introductory Note has been telling us, but about a poem about them. The *Tain*, which is defined to be "an heroic poem commemorative of a foray or plundering expedition on a grander scale," is lost, and such a King sends such a poet to look for it. This is a queer plot, and, with the confused notions which one has alike about the King who sends to seek the *Tain*, and about the King who is commemorated in the *Tain*, the whole thing becomes an inextricable puzzle. To read Mr. Ferguson's lays is something like staying in a house where man and wife, or brother and sister, talk of their own affairs across their guest without the least attempt to adapt their allusions to his understanding. You hear something about John and Susan and Harry without getting any clear notion who John and Susan and Harry are. Mr. Ferguson's *Tain-Quest* gives one just about as much notion of Deirdra and Conor and Illan.

As for the poetical merits of the piece, we will let the reader judge for himself. We will premise only that in Mr. Ferguson's lines of fifteen syllables there seems to be a double rhyme—one at the end which is for the most part decently accurate, and one at the middle where the faintest approach to likeness of sound seems to be enough:—

Wherefore from that fruitless session went I forth myself in quest
Of the *Tain*; nor intermission, even for hours of needful rest,
Gave I to my sleepless searches, till I Erin, hill and plain,
Courts and castles, cells and churches, roam'd and ransack'd, but in vain.

Possibly this is very fine, but, if so, we are not enough in the line to appreciate it. As for rhymes, when "Torpest" rhymes to "foretaste," "well-nigh" to "Cuailgne," "Guary" to "weary," "Erin" to "disappearing," "Ollaves" to "knowledge," and "Bouchail" to "struggle," it may be that we have not caught the right utterance of the Celtic letters. When "Martin" rhymes to "certain," we may excuse it on the ground of a local pronunciation "sartin"; but on no principle, English or Irish, can we endure "session" and "intermission," "demanded" and "descended," "repeated" and "proceeded," "invaded" and "made it," "author" and "rather," "lifeward" and "undeciphered," and plenty more of the kind, winding up with "maidens" and "radiance." One can hardly help laughing—even certain Homeric associations cannot hinder us—when we stumble on such a line as

Rise, recount the great Cow-Foray! rise for love of Illan Finn;
and our thoughts fall back on questions of international law
when we read—

When in hall of Red Branch biding Deirdra and Clan Usnach sate,
In thy guarantee confiding, though the foe was at their gate.

What, again, can one make of such an allusion as this, even though a note at the end does explain it, and a queer story it is?

Pity dawn'd on savage faces, when for love of captive Crunn,
Macha, in the ransom-races, girt her gravid loins, to run
'Gainst the fleet Ultonian horses; and, when Deirdra on the road
Headlong dash'd her 'mid the courses, brimming eyelids overflow'd.

There is no need that every allusion in a poem should be at once intelligible without an interpreter. Take, for instance, Lord Macaulay's "Battle of Lanke Regillus." The Latin hosts come, among other places,

From where the Witches fortress
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees;

Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghostly priest doth reign—
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

We have no doubt that to many of Lord Macaulay's readers the enumeration of the Latin cities contained names as unfamiliar as if they had been so much Irish. But he contrives, by some picturesque touch or other, to make every line convey an idea, even if a vague one. One has to think a minute to remember that the Witches fortress means Circeii; but, even before we remember it, a distinct image has arisen in the mind. The allusion to the priest of Juno at Aricia, a fugitive slave, who gained his post by killing his predecessor, must, to most readers, have been obscure in the extreme. Still the verses give a grand though shadowy idea, and they arouse a desire to find out more exactly what is meant. If Mr. Ferguson's lines arouse any desire to know more about Crunn and Macha, it is not because of their grandeur, but because of their grotesqueness.

We will make only one more quotation from the *Tain-Quest*—a passage which we do not profess to understand, but which sounds as if Professor Max Müller or Mr. G. W. Cox perhaps might:—

Seem'd as though the skiey Shepherd back to earth had cast the fleece
Envyng gods of old caught upward from the darkening shrines of Greece;

So the white mists curl'd and glisten'd, so from heaven's expanses bare,
Stars enlarging lean'd and listen'd down the emptied depths of air.

The fifteen syllables are clearly too much for Mr. Ferguson; he does much better in hendecasyllables. The next piece, "The Abdication of Fergus Mac Roy," breaks down as it goes on, but the opening is by no means lacking in vigour:—

Once, ere God was crucified,
I was King o'er Uladh wide:
King, by law of choice and birth,
O'er the fairest realm of Earth.

I was head of Bury's race;
Eman was my dwelling-place;
Right and Might were mine; nor less
Stature, strength, and comeliness.

Neither lack'd I love's delight,
Nor the glorious meeds of fight.
All on earth was mine could bring
Life's enjoyment to a king.

The allusion in the first line is to a strange tradition that Conor, one of these mythical princes, "is said to have heard of the Passion of our Lord from a Roman captain sent to demand tribute at Emania." The following reference to the story seems a strange bathos after the shorter lines which we have just quoted:—

And, they say, Centurion Altus, when he to Emania came,
And to Rome's subjection call'd us, urging Caesar's tribute claim,
Told that half the world barbarian thrills already with the faith
Taught them by the godlike Syrian Caesar lately put to death.

The volume contains other pieces, original and translated. There is a certain vigour in "The Forging of the Anchor," which we think we have seen somewhere before. Of the classical translations the following specimen, a familiar bit from Horace, may suffice:—

Thee, of the sea and land and unsum'd sand
The Mensurator,
The dearth of some poor earth from a friend's hand
Detains, a waiter
For sepulture, here on the Matine strand;
Nor aught the better
Art thou, Archytas, now, in thought to have spann'd
Pole and equator!

If the traditions of the "Western Gael" are to be made attractive to Englishmen, it needs a stronger hand than Mr. Ferguson's to do it.

GENERAL SCOTT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

GENERAL SCOTT was born in 1786, a few miles from Petersburg, Virginia. He tells us that his grandfather was "a Scotchman of the clan Buccleuch," who took part with the Pretender, and escaped from the field of Culloden to Virginia. His father served with honour in the revolutionary war. After receiving the usual education, Scott had commenced practice as a barrister, when, in 1807, the affair of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake* caused expectations of a rupture with Great Britain, and Scott joined a volunteer corps which was called out to enforce the President's proclamation interdicting American rivers and harbours to the British navy. A party commanded by Lance-corporal Scott captured two midshipmen and six sailors, all unarmed, belonging to Sir Thomas Hardy's squadron, who had ventured to disregard the proclamation. Afterwards, the affair of the *Chesapeake* being settled, the eight prisoners were restored, and Scott laid down his arms and returned to the practice of the law. He attempted to establish himself at Charleston, but within a year, on fresh disputes with Great Britain, he hastened to Washington, in hopes to obtain a commission in some regiment to be newly raised. But war was once more postponed, and Scott had to go back again to the law, making Petersburg his seat of practice. In May, 1808, he received a commission as captain of artillery, and sailed with his company for New Orleans. During the next four years he kept up his law-reading, in view of the possibility of once more returning to civil life; but in June, 1812, the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain opened to him a prospect of active military service. Being now twenty-six years of age, he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was sent to the Canadian frontier.

His first essay in arms was inauspicious. A body of American regulars and volunteers crossed the Niagara river and attempted to seize the heights of Queenstown, which were to be held as a door of entrance for an invading army that was to follow. The autobiographer speaks modestly of his own share of the battle which ensued, but it sufficiently appears that his influence protracted the resistance of his countrymen, and maintained the heights against the British much longer than they would otherwise have been held. Disappointed of support from their main army, the American detachment, after suffering heavy loss, surrendered; but the success of the British on that day was dearly purchased by the death of the gallant Major-General Brock. Thus, on October 13, 1812, Scott found himself a prisoner of war in British hands. Immediately after his surrender, an attempt was made upon his life by Indians who had served on the British side in the battle, and were exasperated at the loss suffered by their tribe. He was saved by his own courage and activity, and by the opportune appearance of an English officer who came to conduct him to dinner at the General's quarters. Scott mentions that he sent over a request to the American fort opposite to fire minute guns, as a mark of respect, during the funeral of Major-General

* *Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Scott, LL.D.* Written by Himself. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1864.

Brock. Scott was sent as a prisoner down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thence in a cartel to Boston. On arriving at Washington, in January, 1813, he found himself exchanged. Early in May he joined the army under General Dearborn on the Niagara frontier, being chief of the staff, and at the same time colonel of the artillery regiment in which he had served the year before. He continued to hold the two commissions for several months, occasionally quitting the staff for a few hours or a day to command his own and other troops in battles, skirmishes, and forays. At the attack upon Fort George, near the scene of the previous year's battle, Scott led the advance, which landed from boats on the beach, under a brisk fire, and forced its way up a steep bank. The first attempt at ascent was repulsed by the bayonet, and Scott, among others, tumbled backward. Dearborn saw from the fleet his fall, and, as Scott says in his slightly stilted language, "honoured the supposed loss of the chief of his staff with a tear." The gallant autobiographer has not wholly escaped the faults of style which beset all writers of his nation, but when he comes to speak of his own doings, the innate modesty of the practical soldier corrects a vicious habit which belongs to his age and country rather than to the man himself. Scott saw enough of war on the Canadian frontier to learn that the best soldiers make mistakes, and that the difference between victory and defeat is often one of accident, rather than of courage or capacity. He and his comrades in the landing picked themselves up, and at a second attempt the bank was scaled, with a loss of every fifth man killed or wounded. The line of battle was reformed, and a furious charge was made that drove more than twice the number of the enemy out of sight. "This," as the leader handsomely says, "could not have been done but for the intimidation caused by the fleet of row-boats seen following in Scott's wake." He mounted a captured horse and pursued the enemy, but an explosion of a magazine in Fort George knocked him off his horse and broke his collar-bone. This accident did not check the ardour of pursuit, which was, however, arrested by superior command, leaving much that Scott thought practicable unaccomplished. The "disaster," as Scott calls it, at Stony Creek caused him to be sent to the army which had sustained it, and in the retreat which followed there was a general cry for "Scott to the rear guard." Under his direction, a march of more than forty miles was uninterrupted. This and other misadventures affected the health and spirits of General Dearborn, who was soon after recalled from his command. The officers of his army, "deeply sympathizing with their venerable chief, requested Colonel Scott to be at the moment of separation the organ of their sentiments"—which Colonel Scott's forensic education doubtless enabled him to express suitably to the occasion. It is a difference between British and American soldiers that the former have not usually any "sentiments" until after dinner. General Dearborn's two immediate successors were less efficient than he was, and without the same excuse of age. Fortunately, the British officers opposed to them were equally wanting in enterprise and execution. The result, in Scott's words, was that "the army of Niagara, never less than four thousand strong, stood fixed in a state of ignominy for two months within five miles of an untrenched enemy with never more than three thousand five hundred men." During this period of inactivity, Scott commanded in a dozen or more skirmishes growing out of foraging operations, in which he tells us that he gained considerable reputation, for, "though always attacked, he never lost a prisoner or a wagon, and always returned with a loaded train." Finding his position at headquarters "disgusting," Scott, about midsummer, resigned his staff office, and limited himself to the command of troops. Later in the year, the army under General Wilkinson, whom Scott calls "an unprincipled imbecile," invaded Canada, and Scott commanded the advance. At a place called Hooppole Creek he seems to have displayed considerable ability, but his success and "the disaster at Chrysler's Field" occurred on the same day. The campaign, begun in boasting, ended in deep humiliation. Montreal was within easy grasp of half the troops disgraced by their commanders at Chrysler's Field; "but the fatuity of the general-in-chief and of others made success almost impossible." The army retreated out of Canada, and thus ended the campaign of 1813.

In reference to the affair before mentioned at Stony Creek, Scott goes so far as to say that, although the Americans were worsted, they had the advantage of losing their own generals, who were captured by Colonel Harvey, a British officer of whom Scott speaks with high respect, and with whom he formed an enduring friendship, originating in the civilities which passed between them as chiefs of the staff of opposing armies. Taking Scott's account of the campaigns of 1812 and 1813 to be in the main correct, it seems that the expectations of success on the Canadian frontier with which America began the war were frustrated by that disposition to employ at the outset men of talk rather than men of action which seems ineradicable in republics. The difference between our conduct and theirs in these operations appears to have been that they worked through their crop of imbeciles, while we had the luck to lose our good officers and get bad ones in their places. It would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy to observe that in the first two years of the war, when taken at disadvantage, while deeply engaged in hostilities with France, we managed to hold our own very well in Canada; but in the third year, when we could dispose of veteran troops, who might have been thought capable, under adequate leadership, of conquering the world, we sustained the bloody

repulse of New Orleans, and the less costly but more discreditable failure on the side of Canada. The experience of that war suggests that British imbecility is at least as much to be dreaded in any future contest as American skill or valour.

But to return to Scott. He happily describes "the great contest on Lake Ontario commenced between the ship carpenters at Kingston under Sir James Yeo and the ship carpenters under Commodore Chauncey at Sackett's Harbour." This contest might have been continued without the possibility of a battle for an indefinite time. The peace of 1815 found upon the stocks at Sackett's Harbour two ships of more than one hundred guns each, "and Sir James Yeo was always ready to match launch with launch." If General Wilkinson complained of the non-capture of the British fleet, Commodore Chauncey retorted that Wilkinson ought to deprive that fleet of its refuge by taking Kingston. In the winter of 1813 Scott was called to Washington by the President, and, while there, a deputation arrived from New York to demand that he might be sent to make head against the enemy on the Niagara frontier. The British General Riall "having by a rapid movement dismayed and scattered the militia from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie almost without firing a gun, it was not known how far he might extend his triumphant march into the interior." The demand for Scott's services being conceded, it followed that he must be appointed a brigadier-general, as otherwise he could not command any militia general officer. But the enemy recrossed the Niagara, and the War Department found it convenient to postpone Scott's promotion, which, however, was granted in March, 1814. He formed a camp of instruction at Buffalo, and laboured diligently in preparing for the field the army which was now commanded in chief by General Brown. Scott, as a professional soldier, felt strong distrust of raw militia and volunteers. He complains that he could not get adequate numbers of regular troops under his command, but he seems to have satisfied himself as regards the instruction which he bestowed upon those he had. The capture of Fort Erie was the first exploit of the campaign. Advancing from this point, Scott with his brigade encountered a corps of observation commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale. It was the 4th of July, and Scott hoped to do something worthy of the day; but the British retreated, and heat and dust were the most troublesome enemies that confronted him. It was hard to aspire to immortal fame and to win only fatigue and thirst. Scott says that this running fight of twelve hours was "the first and only time that he ever found himself at the head of a force superior to that of the enemy in his front"; and he adds that, on this occasion, the numbers were as four to three. It is no imputation on Scott's truthfulness to say that we would not take the estimate which he or any other commander formed of the force opposed to him. It would be difficult as well as wearisome to bring to any satisfactory test American calculations of the numbers of British troops opposed to them in Canada; but it may suffice to say that on this day Scott and the Marquis of Tweeddale learned each to respect the other. Scott tells us that in London, in 1815, he met the Marquis in the street, "when the parties kindly recognised each other," and the Scotch lord invited the American of Scotch descent to visit him if he came to Scotland. We are entirely persuaded that Scott did good service to his country in this Canadian war, and for this, among other reasons, that he came of the right sort to do it. Next day was fought the battle of Chippewa. At the opening of it Scott led his men across a bridge at the mouth of Street's Creek. General Riall, who was watching the movement, mistook these troops, in the grey coats which they wore, for militia, but the style in which they advanced showed him that they were regulars. Having crossed the bridge and formed his line, Scott said to his men, "Let us make a new anniversary for ourselves." The British line was formed opposite to Scott's, and both lines advanced, halting more than once to fire. At sixty or seventy paces interval between the lines the mutual and final charge was commenced. At the last moment Scott changed the disposition of some artillery so as to enfilade the advancing British line:—

The clash of bayonets instantly followed, when the wings of the enemy, being out-flanked, and to some extent doubled up, were mounded away like a rope of sand. . . . The enemy's whole force broke in quick succession and fled.

Such is Scott's own account of an exploit which, more than any other which he performed, is remembered with pride and gratitude by his countrymen. He taught American soldiers to meet British soldiers with the bayonet. It may be some consolation to those who were defeated at Chippewa to observe how highly their opponents estimated the exploit of having defeated them. It is to be noticed that Scott says that only "small parts of the opposing lines" at Chippewa came into "the deadly encounter" with the bayonet. He claims to have beaten a superior force, having outflanked it by superior celerity and accuracy of movement. Sir Edward Cust, a fair and careful writer, says, in his *Annals of the Wars*, that the forces were so unequal at Chippewa that General Riall saw "it would be unavailing to persevere against such superior numbers." But Scott's victory, however British writers may estimate its importance, wrought a great change in the feelings of the American nation, which was before oppressed with a gloom approaching to despair. The night battle of Lundy's Lane, fought on July 25, is connected, in Scott's memory, not only with difficult duty well performed, but with "the aches of broken bones." He was twice dismounted and

badly bruised, and then he received a musket-ball through his left shoulder-joint, which sent him off the field. General Brown, also wounded, had preceded him in retreat. The command of the army devolved on Brigadier-General Ripley. It was then near midnight. Ripley became alarmed, and determined to abandon the field, "trophies and all." According to Scott's account, the British also abandoned it, but returned on ascertaining the departure of the Americans, and claimed a victory. We should not perhaps agree with General Scott as to the justice of this claim, nor do we allow that the British abandoned the field; but we have no difficulty in admitting that the wound which disabled Scott rendered whatever success the British gained very much easier than it would otherwise have been.

So ended that portion of General Scott's career which is most interesting to British readers. His campaigns in Mexico showed great ability, and were intensely gratifying to the American passion for military glory. But his chief title to be remembered on this side of the Atlantic rests upon the efforts which he made and the influence which he exerted, on more than one occasion, to preserve peace between Britain and the United States. The Canadian Patriots, as they were called, were repressed by him with a strong hand. On the Maine frontier he accommodated a difficulty which, under less able and honest treatment, might have occasioned bloodshed. His mission to San Juan Island is fresh in everybody's recollection. More recently, his advice to the Northern States to allow their wayward sisters to depart in peace has entitled him to the gratitude of all humanity. There are often no such firm friends of peace as those who best know what war really is. The only blemish on General Scott's interesting autobiography is that tendency to inflated language which, however, as we have said, belongs rather to his age and country than to the man. American reputations are often constructed of flimsy stuff, but here was a soldier indeed—as much to be feared in war as to be trusted and loved in peace.

THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE.*

WE have had so many specimens of better work from the pen of Major Whyte Melville that we cannot help regretting to see him put forth anything so deficient, in point both of conception and execution, as the *Brookes of Bridlemere*. The flimsiness of the story is only outdone by the emptiness and insipidity of the principal characters. As regards the moral unity of the piece, it is not a little startling—after having been led to look upon the Brookes as embodying, one and all, the author's ideal standard of honour and family pride—to find the main interest of the plot turn upon a disgraceful swindle, only short of forgery, perpetrated upon a brother officer and bosom friend by the foremost spirit of the book, the representative of the hereditary chivalry of the Brookes. There is, indeed, a degree of graphic power in the delineation of those back scenes of life into which a transaction of this kind is calculated to lead the writer. And, in the episodes of sport and of the barrack-room, we are never disappointed in Mr. Melville's picturesque and dashing style of writing. But when we come to take the personages of the story singly, or in the combinations by means of which the mechanism of the tale is made to work, nothing can be more weak and unsatisfactory. The two characters who may be supposed to form the models of the piece—to judge from the circumstance of their carrying off, or rather being carried off by, the two model heroines—are conspicuous for nothing beyond those faint and negative qualifications by which, if a certain trite and familiar proverb is to be believed, never was fair lady won. Jack Brooke, the eldest son of the ancient but somewhat dilapidated family of Bridlemere, is a good-hearted simpleton, rustic in address and manners though a gentleman in tone and feeling, sheepish before ladies in general, and utterly abashed by awe of the dashing Lady Julia Treadwell, only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Waywarden—that young lady's more than fashionable slang dazzling him with the idea of her superior intellect, while her superb points of physique, peerless in the field as in the ball-room, irresistibly appeal to the practised instincts of so excellent a judge of living specimens of all sorts. Hopelessly dumb before his idol, honest Jack's affection finds a subsidiary vent upon "Tatters," a prodigy of canine ugliness and intelligence who forms all along a kind of electric link to keep up that *rapprochement* between the lovers which is perpetually jeopardized for want of mutual understanding. At one critical moment it looks to everybody, and to poor Jack more particularly, that the "stunning" and "thoroughbred" heiress is about to fall to the lot of his brother Walter, the handsome, chivalrous, and popular captain of hussars, who, pressed by duns without number and in dread of his fraudulent bill upon a brother officer turning up, works himself into a belief that he is in love with Lady Julia (a Brooke being, of course, far too honourable by nature to declare a passion he does not feel), and makes her a proposal in form. Her ladyship's style of refusal deserves noting down as a model for all young ladies aspiring to keep up to the proper fastness of pace among the rising female generation:—

"Now don't be an ass, Walter!" said she, coming closer to him, and taking both his hands, while she looked up in his face with a frank, kindly smile. "What's the use of talking such utter bosh? You're not a bad boy when you're reasonable. We have always been the best of friends, and always shall be. I would no more quarrel with you than with my brother."

* *The Brookes of Bridlemere*. By G. J. Whyte Melville. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

But you know as well as I do, Walter, that it's stuff to talk about anything in the shape of—of—*real love*" (she got it out with a blush) "between you and me. Don't be angry; we've had our breeze; shake hands, and think no more about it."

He tried to put a broken-hearted expression into his face, but somehow failed. He was angry, no doubt—disappointed, humiliated, provoked; yet there was something ludicrous in his position, even to himself. He raised his eyes to hers, they looked at each other for about ten seconds, and then both burst out laughing.

"I knew you were a good fellow, Walter," said her ladyship, with a cordial squeeze of both her pretty hands, "and I'm not deceived in you. We shall always be fast friends; and if ever I can do you a good turn, I will, as sure as my name's Julia. You had better go now. I'll let you out of the conservatory, and you can get round to the stables without passing through the house. Leave me to settle with mamma. I'll let you down easy enough, you may be sure. I haven't half thanked you for the compliment. It is a compliment, I suppose? But you won't mind about that. I'll show my gratitude some day, never fear. In the meantime, God bless you, Walter, and good-bye."

Up to this time the young lady—though she "liked gaiety very much, balls, races, picnics, occasions for wearing handsome dresses, and flirting with handsome men"—had never really been so happy "as when riding a new horse, driving her wicked ponies, helping papa to break a retriever, or engaged in any other masculine pursuit." Even Jack's inarticulate worship might have failed to elicit any satisfactory response in a quarter where "chaffy" and "horsey" varieties of slang seemed to have the only chance of winning favour. But the "muscular" instinct is happily too strong within the girl when she becomes an unexpected witness of Jack's agility in taking a high fence on foot "like a hunter, stakes and growers, and bank, and ditch and all." She knows a fine animal at once, and blushes to find the impression which this vigorous specimen has made upon her hitherto dormant affections:—"Well, he can't dance; but, my gracious! can't he jump! Yes, even in an old shooting-jacket and leather gaiters, there's something very noble, after all, in what I call a man!" No conquest so instantaneous and so thorough has probably been effected since that said to have been accomplished by the fortunate Irish beau who jumped in a trice into ten thousand a year,

By showing his leg to an heiress.

It is only, however, when Jack is lying half dead in a London lodging, having had his head broken in a struggle to get his brother's fraudulent paper out of the hands of Multiple and Pounder, the rascally bill-discounters, that Lady Julia—finding her way to his bedside, and helped by the never-failing instinct of "Tatters" through the nervous difficulties of the situation—comes to a full and final understanding with her bashful lover.

Equally backward and voiceless is the author's second favourite. Philip Stoney is the younger brother of a firm of brewers at Middlesworth, great at cricket and manly sports in general, and not a little proud of his capacity and enterprise in business, which qualities culminate notwithstanding in the ruin of the concern through the burning of the ambitious new brewery, which Philip, with the smart idea of saving a quarter's premium, has omitted to insure. The result is the utter prostration of his previously weak and desponding brother George, and the temporary abandonment by Philip of certain dreams of wealth and happiness in which, since the Middlesworth ball, has figured the stately and unapproachable image of the "pale spotless lily," Helen Brooke. One or two sheepish attempts to stammer out a confession—which his stronger-minded idol is but too willing to precipitate—leave Helen, almost without hope, a prey to the perfidious advances of Mr. Multiple, the scoundrelly and brazen-faced money-lender, who makes his possession of her brother's fraudulent paper the lever wherewith to work upon the girl's sense of family honour. Almost the only one who really comes out strongly under the accumulated trials of the group is Mrs. George Stoney, who, after standing gallantly up for middle-class privilege against the "stuck-up" people of Middlesworth, forms a centre of light and hope to her broken husband and Philip, as she "bares her comely arms" to roll the crust for their frugal dinner in narrow lodgings somewhere off the Strand. If it were not for the opportune, though somewhat stale, expedient of a rich and chivalrous uncle from India, who checkmates Multiple, redeems Walter's fraudulent bill, and sets up Philip in some mysterious way in more than the old prosperity in the brewing line, it is difficult to say how so shiftless and reticent a set of personages could ever have got out of the dead-lock, or have rapped out among them the few simple words that were required to make the course of true love run smooth.

In spite of such inherent deficiencies of plot and character, there is sufficient scope for Major Melville's more characteristic gifts as a writer to prevent the present work from being hopelessly dull. The thorough enjoyment of country life, the keen zest of the sportsman, the social humour which belongs to a man habitually at home in all classes of society, combine to throw over his pages an air of liveliness and reality which redeems to a great extent the tameness and inanity of so many of his characters. The sketches of the hunt-day at Tollesdale; of Mr. Ragman de Rolle, alias "Rags," the good-natured subaltern, at his cosy quarters, or in his flirtations either with the barmaid in the tap of the Plantagenet Arms, or with the Duchess of Merthyr Tydvil at the Middlesworth ball; the audacious port and nefarious plottings of Mr. Multiple in his designs, first, to engage the affection, and next to subdue the pride, of the cold and haughty Helen—these are bits of as happy and natural description as any one could wish to see in a novel of real life. A good deal of the dialogue is also throughout unaffected and lively. Major Melville here writes

with a freedom, originality, and ease which he has never perhaps fully suffered himself to show in such works as *Holmby House*, or even in *Digby Grand*. He has never before shaken himself so free from that mannerism which seemed to show that he had always before him some foreign or alien style consciously set up to be copied. It is the more to be regretted that this capacity for better things should have been thrown away, in the present instance, for want of a design more consistent with itself and with the laws of moral action in general, and that he should have wasted his powers upon a set of characters so incapable for the most part of sustaining their due share in the interest of the fiction. It augurs a low state of art, whether in literature or on the stage, when we have to turn, as is so often the case now-a-days, for the real enjoyment of the drama, from the living and acting *corps de théâtre* to the minor accessories of mere life-like scenery and magical effects of light and shade in the background.

DISCOVERIES AT CYRENE.*

THIS beautiful volume, illustrated almost to excess with woodcuts, lithographs, and photographs, is a most valuable record of an exploring expedition to which scholars, antiquaries, and artists have looked with curious interest. For no theatre of ancient civilization has been so little visited in late years as the Cyrenaica. Though the district is closely bordering on the Mediterranean, some dread of its climate and its Arab inhabitants, and the knowledge that its treasures, if any, were buried in the soil, have combined to deter travellers from approaching it. Captains Murdoch Smith and Porcher, however, who had the courage to spend many months at Cyrene, found the country beautiful and fertile, while they were protected by their tact and resolution from the hostility of the natives. They had ample means of surveying the ruins and making all necessary excavations.

The authors of this volume preface their work with a brief historical sketch of the district known as the Cyrenaica by the Romans, but more generally called Pentapolis by its neighbours in the time of the Ptolemies. Cyrene, the chief city of the federation, was founded, B.C. 631, by a Dorian colony. The country fell under the Roman domination B.C. 95, when Apion, the last king of the Egyptian dynasty, left it by will to the republic. Multitudes of Jews had settled "in the parts of Libya about Cyrene," and it was to an insurrection of these immigrants in the time of Trajan, when they massacred 220,000 persons, that the decline of the prosperity of the country may be attributed. The Libyan barbarians began to make head; in A.D. 616 Chosroes almost extirpated the survivors of the Greek population; and in A.D. 647 the Arab conquerors finally overran the country. The district itself is described as an elevated plateau about 2,000 feet high and 70 or 80 miles broad, running parallel with the coast, and intervening between the sea and the Sahara. The northern terraces of this table-land are sheltered, well watered, and clothed with the richest vegetation.

In the first instance, the travellers having landed at Benghazi, made their way, with the usual adventures of an Eastern journey, to Shahat, the site of the ancient Cyrene. Here they took up their abode in a desecrated tomb. Indeed, the hills on all sides—which are of a yellowish sandstone—seem to be honey-combed with excavated rock-tombs; and a large part of this volume is devoted to a description of the Cyrenian necropolis. Nothing can be more picturesque than the long ranges and terraces of these low-browed speluncar façades, which are often pedimented and furnished with Doric columns. All the roads up the hill sides are lined with tombs of every size and form. The interior plan is generally a rectangular chamber, with arched recesses round the sides for the reception of the bodies. Sometimes these recesses, called by our authors *sarcophagi*, are arranged in tiers, and occasionally they are placed end-ways, at right-angles to the walls, and not (as is more usual) parallel with the sides of the sepulchral chamber. Traces of colour are often found in these tombs, and one in particular (of which an illustration is given) was originally covered with paintings. The colours that remain are, when wetted, as bright as ever they were, centuries of damp not having succeeded in injuring them. The subjects represented are of the usual kind—a funeral procession, with hunting scenes and games. Outside, the porticoes are often sculptured; but the specimens remaining are of no great beauty, and many of the inscriptions curiously resemble the mural tablets of our own churches. One particular tomb is described in which there are receptacles for 105 bodies; its details are of a very finished kind. Upon the whole, the account of this necropolis makes one not a little ashamed of Kensal Green and our other suburban cemeteries. A modern graveyard is about the most hideous object on earth. The tombs at Cyrene, on the other hand, for good taste, for beauty, and for costliness, can scarcely be exceeded. It is curious that they remain so little injured, while the city itself has well-nigh disappeared:—

A few walls cropping a foot or two above the surface of the ground, and some broken columns, mutilated statues, and blocks of stone strewn about in different places, are almost the only objects that attract the attention of the traveller on first walking over the site of the city; but many traces

of former buildings are discovered on a more minute examination of the ground.

We cannot follow the details of the explorations made by Captains Smith and Porcher. They found many statues, some of them being wonderfully perfect. One in particular, of Apollo, was broken into no less than 121 pieces, but the fractures were so clean that the figure has been put together in England "without the slightest restoration." This statue is said to be in the British Museum; but, like the sculptures from Halicarnassus, it must be hidden, we presume, in the temporary sheds under the portico, and inaccessible to ordinary visitors. After five months' solitary labour in Cyrene, the two officers were cheered by the news that H.M.S. *Assurance* had arrived off the coast with orders to convey to England such sculptures as might have been discovered. The distance of Cyrene from the sea is about twelve miles. The chief difficulty was the steep descent from the plateau on which the city was built. The sailors kept as closely as they could to the ancient road, which is a noble specimen of engineering skill, and remains in most places in an excellent state of preservation. The waggons landed from the ship had, however, to be unscrewed and carried piecemeal up the slope. On the return journey they were lowered, loaded as they were, hind-wheels foremost, by means of tackle.

To take one specimen out of many, we may mention that the largest temple in Cyrene was near the Stadium in the eastern part of the city. It measured 170 feet by 78, and comprised (as usual) a *pronaos*, a *cella*, and a *posticum*. The wall of the *cella*, which was decorated with a colonnade of the Corinthian style, was built of enormous stones, some of them measuring superficially upwards of forty square feet. Within this sumptuous structure the excavators found innumerable fragments of sculpture of excellent workmanship, but all irreparably broken by wanton malice. One male head in white marble is especially noticed as still retaining a bright red colour on the lips. Elsewhere, near the temple of Apollo, a seated female figure was found, the girdle of which showed distinct traces of stripes of bright vermilion on the edges. Upon the whole, the most interesting part of this volume is the collection of photographs (executed by Mr. F. Bedford) of the sculptures brought to England from Cyrene, as cleaned, pieced together, and repaired by the skillful workmen of the British Museum. It is not without indignation that we reiterate our complaint that these and other treasures of ancient art, which are certainly not less valuable than the recent acquisitions from the Farnese Palace, are still buried out of sight in the national collection. It were surely better to crowd the present galleries than to exclude altogether from the public view some of the most interesting sculptures belonging to the Museum. The first of the statues here photographed is a life-sized one of the youthful Bacchus, half-draped, and perfect with the exception of the right arm. The modelling seems to be somewhat weak, but there is much beauty of form. The face in particular is marvellously well preserved. The eyes, and the wreath of vine-leaves round the head, bore traces of red colouring when the statue was first exhumed. A far nobler specimen of sculpture is the Apollo playing the lute—a copy (as is thought) of some famous original, and closely resembling two statues in the Capitoline museum at Rome and the Museo Borbonico at Naples respectively. This was found within the *cella* of the Temple of Apollo; it stood originally on a lofty pedestal. The right arm and the left hand alone are wanting. Another life-sized and very perfect figure is attributed—not very satisfactorily, we think—to the Emperor Hadrian. This is followed by a bust of Minerva, probably of Roman workmanship, very finely preserved, and of remarkably pure and white marble. Critics accuse it, however, of somewhat coarse execution; in spite of which it remains one of the most attractive of the whole series. On the same plate with this bust is photographed a mutilated male head, which is curious for its *inlaid* eyes. The whites of the eyes remain in hollow sockets, but the coloured vitreous pastes which formed the pupils have fallen out. A helmet of different-coloured marble originally crowned this head. It is supposed to be the work of a Greek artist, of a good period. The following device would certainly be thought metreticulous, if adopted by a modern artist:—"All round the marble eyes the edge of a thin bronze plate intervenes between the eye and the upper and lower eyelids; this edge has probably been serrated so as to indicate by its projection the upper and lower eyelashes." A bust of Corn. Lentulus Marcellinus, Proprietor of Cyrene, a fair specimen of "provincial sculpture" in the Roman period, is still more remarkable for the extraordinary clumsiness of the way in which it is fixed to its original pedestal. This is followed by a bronze iconic head, life-size, which seems to represent some personage of African race. Its workmanship is most curious. The eyes were inlaid with vitreous pastes; the eyelashes are indicated by notched lines; the lips seem to have been covered by a thin plate of silver, or some artificial substance, which expressed their difference of colour. The authors consider it a specimen of the realistic school of portraiture originated by Lysippus. Next comes a fragment of exquisite beauty—a draped Aphrodite—believed to be a work of the best Greek art; with an equally fine figure, headless and legless, of the nymph Cyrene (as is ingeniously suggested), also of Greek workmanship. The remaining sculptures are busts of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, a fine female iconic statue (above life size), a statuette of Venus Euploia (probably a votive offering by some seafaring man), a group of Aphrodite and Eros, and some unimportant busts and reliefs. Another appendix gives a large

* *History of the Recent Discoveries at Cyrene, made during an Expedition to the Cyrenaica in 1850-61, under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government.* By Captain R. Murdoch Smith, R.E., and Commander E. A. Porcher, R.N. London: Day & Son. 1864.

number of new inscriptions, with an interpretation of each. Nor ought we to forget an essay, interesting to botanists, in which it is shown that the *Thapsia Garganica* is not the famous *Silphium* of the ancients, that medicinal plant for which the Cyrenaica was so celebrated. The *Silphium*, which used to be sold for its weight of silver, is supposed to have disappeared entirely.

In conclusion, we may express some regret that these energetic explorers did not make any excavations in a part of the ruined city which they themselves call in one place Christian Cyrene. We know from Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais (one of the cities of the Pentapolis), that a Christian Church flourished there in the fifth century, and some remains of religious buildings might probably have been discovered. It has been lately suggested that Cyrene might be made the seat of a new colony of Maltese, but Captains Smith and Porcher express their persuasion that, so long as the country remains under Turkish rule, no such settlement is likely to be prosperous.

FURIOSO.* (Second Notice.)

OUR introduction to the famous Breuning family is preluded by a history of Bonn, from Engelbert of Falkenstein to the Elector Max Franz, which may or may not have been in the "Diary." Each member of that interesting group is depicted, from Widow Breuning to little Eleonore, afterwards Madame Wegeler. We are also made acquainted with Count von Waldstein, with Jeannette von Honrath, the handsome coquette, and with Franz Ries, father of the Ferdinand already named. As a family picture, the description of the Von Breunings and their circle is lively enough. It is agreeable, besides, to hear something of the Eleonore to whom Beethoven wrote such heartfelt letters; of her brother Stephan, that steadfast friend, in spite of a brief misunderstanding, who, with Schindler, superintended his obsequies at Vienna; and, last not least, of Count Waldstein, the sympathetic patron to whom, in token of esteem and gratitude, the musician dedicated his noble pianoforte sonata, Op. 53. But we cannot accept as gospel the playful meanderings of Dr. Müller's fancy, and we are forced even to reject the love-passages with the fair Jeannette, as *tant soit peu* apocryphal. It is difficult, for example, to conceive how the words and incidents of a long and exciting interview between the flirt and her adorer, when no one else was present (pp. 63 to 65), could have been so exactly known to Wegeler as to admit of reproduction, word for word and incident for incident, in the "Diary" confided more than sixty years later to Dr. Müller. A still longer scene, between Franz Ries and Frau Beethoven, is also circumstantially described; but this time, if we may credit Dr. Müller, the explanation is easy. One day Wegeler made a call on the Beethovens, at No. 934 Rheingasse (their second residence at Bonn). "Upon reaching the floor rented by the singer" (Beethoven's father), Wegeler "heard a conversation, through the aperture of a latched door, that, less from curiosity than modesty, he was unwilling to disturb. He therefore paused on the threshold," &c. It did not probably occur to him that he might have gone away, and called again. At any rate, he overheard all that passed, "through the aperture"; but, at the sound of "hasty steps in the room, retreated to a dark corner, to avoid the appearance of being a listener." The ingenuousness of this last avowal gives a comic air to the transaction that fairly disarms criticism. Was Wegeler also an eavesdropper, "less from curiosity than modesty," during that still more exciting scene (pp. 189-90) with the beautiful daughter of Count Westphal, "immortalized," we are told, "in the wonderful 'Adelaide'?"† If so, or even if Beethoven, in an expansive moment, had confided the whole to him, it was really too bad to take it down in writing, and still worse, after his illustrious friend had been dead some twenty years, to disclose it to an ingenious art-novelist like Müller. Fraulein Westphal was one of Beethoven's pupils, whose charms soon made captive his too impressionable heart. On a certain occasion, when he went to the house to give a lesson, the lady not being visible, "Furioso" began to extemporize on the pianoforte. "Forgetting time and place," and "lost in his art," he improvised *ad libitum*, breaking off "with a shrill and plaintive chord" (*sic*), when suddenly a soft voice exclaimed from behind—"How beautiful that was!" Let Dr. Müller relate the sequel:—

He looked round. It was Adelaide. He looked at her with an unutterable expression. Was she not the goal of all his dreams? And she was alone. His heart beat fast, while his breath seemed to fail him. He sprang up with a deep blush, and putting his hand to his brow seemed to struggle for utterance. But tongue and lips refused their office. His limbs failed him. Then falling upon one knee, he seized the girl's hand, covered it with kisses, inarticulately murmuring, "I love!" The young countess screamed with terror, and struggled to free her hand from his grasp. A side door suddenly opened. The count and the countess rushed in. Their indignation knew no bounds. The count threw himself between them, thundering forth, "Madman; away, out of my house!" Beethoven raised himself. He had turned deadly pale. No word of excuse proceeded from his lips. His pride and his feelings were too deeply injured for him to deem any exculpation to be necessary. He cast one more look upon the object of his idolatry. Then he left the house. He had buried another love.

Well might poor Beethoven have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!"

* *Furioso*; or, *Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*. From the German. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

† It must not be forgotten that "Adelaide" was composed in 1797, almost immediately after the little book of poems by Matthisson, which contains it, had appeared. And yet Dr. Müller would have us believe that the song was inspired by Fraulein von Westphal, five years earlier—that is, five years before the words were published.

Not content with making "Furioso," Wegeler and Co. deliver imposing set speeches, others have similar displays invented for them by Dr. Müller, and, among the rest, no less a man than Joseph Haydn, composer of the *Creation*, who, on hearing Beethoven improvise at Godesberg, exclaims:—

"Thank God! Art is eternal. Glück, the great master of the age, is dead; Mozart, the favourite of the gods, has gone the way of all flesh. I am an old man, whose days are numbered; but a new genius has arisen, who, if he lives, shall cast us all into the shade."

"With this," adds Müller, "he embraced and kissed him. Beethoven was so moved he could not reply." No wonder; so big a prophecy, on the strength of an impromptu performance, was enough to strike the young musician dumb. Moreover, Haydn could not possibly have uttered such a sentence. Mozart, not Glück, was, in his estimation, "the great master of the age"—as is clearly proved by the words addressed to Leopold Mozart, the father, after a performance of three of the son's quartets, and by the reply to some one who failed to appreciate *Don Giovanni*. And that, several years later, Haydn counselled the "new genius," who was to "cast all into the shade," not to publish the third and best of his first set of trios (the one in C minor), we have on the trusty authority of Ferdinand Ries, together with the fact that Beethoven attributed the old master's advice to anything rather than amiable motives.* Mozart, after hearing Beethoven play an original composition (before the Emperor Joseph II., whom the young musician had mistaken for the Court barber), is made to pronounce it "not only of the highest order, but original throughout; remarkable alike for its melodious passages, and for its strange, almost unknown system of harmony." This from the composer of the "Requiem" to a mere boy!‡ Beethoven's first journey to Vienna was in 1787, when he was only 17; and it was not till some twelve or fifteen years later, as his earlier published compositions show, that he threw off his allegiance to Haydn and Mozart, and began to think and produce entirely for himself. The meeting with Mozart is described in a style quite worthy of Alexander Dumas the elder. Beethoven—being furnished with a letter of recommendation from the Elector, Max Franz, brother of Joseph II.—sets out one day for the Imperial Palace. No sooner arrived than he is accosted by "a simply attired individual—possibly attracted by the remarkable formation of Ludwig's head, and the letter he held in his hand." The "individual" thus doubly incited to curiosity—"a slight, pleasing-looking man, rather under the middle size, whose somewhat long face was lighted up by a pair of bright searching blue eyes set in an intellectual brow, which, combined with the expression of the mouth, exercised an indescribable fascination"—inquires the young stranger's business, which the latter has no difficulty in communicating, together with his credentials. Informed that the Emperor will be visible at seven in the evening, Beethoven puts questions in his turn, and among the rest, whether his friendly interrogator may happen to be one of the Emperor's barbers. "I do shave him sometimes," is the reply. Upon hearing that in questions of musical taste His Majesty is hard to please, Beethoven, somewhat sceptical about the Imperial artistic acquirements, relates an anecdote to the effect that Joseph II., having composed a sonata, was said to have asked Mozart's opinion of its merits—the answer being, that "The sonata is certainly good, but he who wrote it is better."† Laughing at this excellent story (so likely to proceed from the lips of the uninitiated stripling from Bonn), the "simply-attired individual" takes his leave, cautioning Beethoven to be in the palace at the appointed time. On arriving, the young musician is conducted to a study, where he perceives "two gentlemen"—the Emperor's occasional barber, and another, "of small stature, with a generally benevolent countenance, whose chief characteristics" are "kindly eyes and a projecting nose." In the course of their conversation, half political and half domestic, the smaller man says to the bigger—"God bless Your Majesty, I stay here." So the barber, after all, turns out to be the Emperor. Bearing no malice, however, Joseph takes the recommendatory letter of Max Franz, and desires Beethoven to give a specimen of his powers. On being asked his opinion of Mozart, "Furioso" delivers himself of another of those oracular *dicta* which Dr. Müller is so fond of manufacturing:—

"He is the most melodious, graceful, and inexhaustible master that the world has ever known. Perhaps Sebastian Bach stands higher in church music, and Handel in oratorios; but, on the stage, the Salzburg composer excels even Glück in finish and in characteristic representation of individuals and scenes."

How much Beethoven could possibly know of Bach's church music, of Handel's oratorios, or even of Mozart's operas, at seventeen—having never before quitted his native town of Bonn—may be readily surmised. But the most absurd thing in the speech is the attributing to Glück (whose operatic music can hardly have been very familiar to the subjects of Max Franz) the precise quality in which that master is most glaringly deficient. That Glück was a great dramatic composer is unquestionable, but that he was a highly-finished musician even his most enthusiastic admirers will hardly be inclined to maintain. However, at the suggestion of Joseph II., Beethoven improvises upon the theme of

* Ries, *Notizen*, pp. 84-5.

† According to Otto Jahn, what Mozart did say was—"Auf den geht Acht, der wird einmal in der Welt von sich reden machen." This, too, is quoted by Ludwig Nohl, in his *Beethoven's Leben*.

‡ Mozart's words, according to Vehse (*Geschichte des österreichischen Hofes*), were:—"Die Sonate ist wohl gut, aber der sie gemacht hat, ist doch noch viel besser."

"In diesen heiligen Hallen," in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*; and afterwards—at the suggestion of the little man "whose chief characteristics are kindly eyes and a projecting nose," and who cries, "Bravo, bravissimo!"—plays an original composition of his own, which extorts from the little man, in addition to the remarkable sentence about the "almost unknown system of harmony," another, still more unequivocal:—

"And your conclusive opinion of this young Bonn musician?" asked the Emperor of his companion.

"He will be among the first masters of the art," he said emphatically; and he reached Beethoven his hand.

"And do you know who delivers this judgment?" said the Emperor, turning to the youth. Ludwig looked steadily at the little man. "No," he answered. "It is that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," said the Emperor, with emphasis. Beethoven's heart bounded within him.

But enough has been quoted to explain out of what materials *Furioso* is compiled. The narrative opportunely breaks off when Beethoven, at the age of 21, sets out on his second journey to Vienna, never to revisit his native town. A brief appendix describes some of the incidents of the Bonn Festival of 1845. Two very old men are observed at a table, in the restaurant of the Zehr-garden, conversing familiarly with a company of young artists and students. One of these proves to be Franz Ries, aged 85; the other Franz G. Wegeler, aged 80. From them, thanks to the inquisitiveness of the youths, we obtain a retrospect of what has passed since Beethoven's second journey to Vienna. Wegeler—to whom, in return for his death-bed confidence, Dr. Müller, perhaps, felt impelled to give especial prominence—tells a story which covers three printed pages (an excerpt from the "Diary" †); and from this we learn a good deal about Wegeler, with a good deal less about Beethoven and Beethoven's early circle. Franz Ries follows, with a narrative chiefly concerning himself; while a Viennese, who conveniently joins the party, volunteers a detailed account of Beethoven at Vienna, gathered from all available sources, and seasoned with Müllerian *ad libitum*. "A young Rhinelander" then recites a long poem in honour of the composer; and the whole winds up with a crowning toast—"Salvation, honour, and fame to the immortal departed!" And we are asked to accept all this as supplementary to a book like that of Schindler, the result of eleven years of constant and intimate relationship!

Meanwhile, happily, besides the Wegeler-Ries *Notizen* and the *Biographie* of Boswell-Schindler, other works on Beethoven, of more or less standard value, have been furnished, at various periods—in the land of his birth, in that of his adoption, and even elsewhere, by numberless biographers, critics, and essayists. Among the most conspicuous of these are the historically untrustworthy and aesthetically over-pretentious *Ludwig van Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen*, of Professor Marx (1859); the rhapsodical *Kunststudie*, and far more interesting, though frequently more or less suspicious, *Catalogue* * of the Livonian Counsellor, von Lenz (1855-60), to whose loving contemplation Beethoven appears rather as an idol than as a man; the, in an opposite sense, equally one-sided philippic of the late Russian Ulibischeff, who paid divine honours to Mozart at Nijni Novgorod, and would not brook the idea of a rival god of music; the notes and anecdotes of the Chevalier von Seyfried, to his otherwise valueless *Beethoven Studien* (1832); and the work of Nohl†, the first volume of which (*Die Jugend—1770 to 1792*) has recently appeared, and which promises to be the most careful and, in a purely biographical sense, exhaustive of them all. To these will be added, it is to be hoped, very shortly, the long-expected biography of an enthusiastic American—Alexander W. Thayer, who, with assiduous diligence, has given years to collecting and collating materials from every accessible quarter, and has already rectified almost as many errors in Marx and others as Bayle rectified, or assumed to have rectified, in Moreri. This last, however, does not promise anything more than a truthful, comprehensive, and impartial account of Beethoven, the man, from boyhood onwards, with only such a history of his musical labours as may settle vexed questions about dates, decide with accuracy the origin, manner, and order of production of each, and clear away the rubbish of oral anecdote and worthless fiction which has frequently placed the illustrious composer himself—before all a sturdy worshipper of truth, and an uncompromising enemy of affectation—in positions too unaccountably eccentric to be comprehended, even by the light of that terrible affliction which often ruffled a temper naturally amiable, and made wearisome a glorious life. What would the American historiographer say to *Furioso*?—what to Dr. Müller?—and what to Mr. Oct. Glover, B.D., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge? Dr. Müller, whose *lese-Beethoven* is grave enough under any circumstances, simply calls his book—which originally appeared in *Westermann's* magazine, October, November, and December, 1860—*Novelle* ‡; he lays no claim to the second title, *Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*, and, though occasionally citing Wegeler, &c., in footnotes, says nothing either of the "Diary" or the "Verbal Communications." Mr. Glover nevertheless claims the absolute authority of biography for his (or his anonymous partner's §) English version of *Furioso*. "Any connexion," he says, "between the works of an artist and his inner life must be

interesting to trace out. We cannot but take more pleasure in his productions when we know the circumstances which inspired them." And the inner life of Beethoven, and the circumstances which inspired his works, are to be revealed to us through the pages of a fictitious narrative! We fear that Wegeler has been much abused; and—but that we have no cause to doubt the word of Mr. Glover—might be inclined to view the famous "Diary" as imaginary, and Wegeler himself, with respect to *Furioso*, something in the light of Cid Hamet Benengeli to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. At all events we must protest that Mr. Glover demands for his bantling a consideration by no means warranted. Taken *cum grano*—that is, read as *bond fide* romance—*Furioso* would be comparatively harmless; viewed in any other light, it is calculated to effect far more mischief than it can possibly afford amusement.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Every Monday Evening till Easter.—On Monday next, January 30, Madame Arabella Goddard will make her first appearance this season. Violin, Herr Ludwig Straus. The Programme will include Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello; Spohr's Quintet in G major for Stringed Instruments; Dussek's "Invocation," Sonata for Piano Solo; Beethoven's "Adeleide," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s; Keith, Prosser, & Co.'s; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. SIMS REEVES will make his First Appearance at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening next, January 30, and sing Beethoven's "Adeleide," accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard; also, the "Lullaby," from Benedict's Opera, "The Lily of Killarney." Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

ARTHUR J. BELL'S READINGS, Hanover Square Rooms.—Wednesday, February 1, Tennyson's "Dedication of the Idylls of the King," "Northern Farmer," and "Enoch Arden"; Monday, February 6, Tennyson's "Aylmer's Field," "Grandmother," &c. Commence at Half-past Eight. Tickets at the Rooms. (Same Readings at Cambridge, February 7 and 8.)

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the Members is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELECTION.—FREDERICK MORSEHEAD, M.A., Fellow and late Tutor of New College, Oxford, having been appointed Head Master of the Beaumaris Grammar School, is prepared to take a limited number of PUPILS specially for the Winchester College Election. The School, from its situation on the Sea-side, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Welsh Mountains, has always been remarkably healthy. For Terms, &c., apply to the Head-Master, at the school, Beaumaris.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London. Principal, Mr. C. F. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London. At the above-named School, BOYS of from Seven to Eighteen Years of Age receive a careful and thorough Education, and are prepared either for the Liberal Professions or for Commercial Pursuits. The youngest Pupils form a separate Preparatory Department. The House is very large, and is surrounded by above seven Acres of Land, the greater part of which is occupied by the Boys' playground and Cricket-field. School will Reopen on Tuesday, January 24. Prospectuses may be obtained on application at the school, or of Messrs. Relfs Brothers, School Bookellers, 150 Aldersgate Street, London.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds., conducted by Dr. LOVELL.—PUPILS are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities. French and German are taught by Resident Masters. The Premises, built specially for the school, are very extensive and commodious, and the Village is playground and Cricket-field. School will Reopen on Tuesday, January 24. Station.—All further particulars can be had from the PRINCIPAL. Aspley School, Beds.—The Term began on January 25.

THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, London, is designed for preparing PUPILS for the Universities, the Indian Civil Service, the Military College, Woolwich, and Sandhurst, and Direct Commissions, also for General Education. Head-Master—Rev. J. F. HIGGLEY, M.A., M.D., &c., of Cambridge. Assistant-Master, Professor of Mathematics and Classics in the late Royal Indian College, Addiscombe. Vice-Principal—Rev. W. B. CHURCH, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. There is a Laboratory at the school, and Lectures by the Head-Master are given regularly on the Experimental and Natural Sciences. The school will Reopen on January 31.—For the Prospectus, apply to the Head-Master, Clapham, S.

THE HERMITAGE, Richmond, S.W.—An OXFORD GRADUATE, assisted by eminently qualified Teachers, carefully and rapidly prepares a small number of GENTLEMEN'S SONS for the Universities, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Civil Service. The Junior Department has a few vacancies.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ATHERSTONE. Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER. Head-Master.—The Rev. S. KINGSDOWN, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's Coll. Cambridge. The school will Reopen on February 9. For Terms, and further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June 1865. The Competition will be open to all Natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st of May next, shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-Two Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION OF JUNE 1865.—Copies of the Regulations (which differ in important respects from those issued in previous years) may be had on application to "The Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W."

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—Not fewer than 40 Candidates will be SELECTED at the next Examination, which will begin on June 1. COPIES of the REGULATIONS may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, Dean's Yard, London, S.W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the UNIVERSITIES, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. E. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Ch. Coll. Cam.; late Mathematical and Classical Professor in the R. I. M. College, Addiscombe; and late Assistant Examiner of Direct Indian Cadets, and of Candidates by Competition for the Indian Civil Engineer Corps.—Address, Rev. G. E. ROBERTS, Croydon, S.

THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES for the India Civil Service Competitive Examinations are Prepared at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 12 Prince's Square, Baywater, W., where instruction is given in all the Branches allowed to be taken up.—Apply for Prospectus, containing List of Teachers, successful Candidates, Terms, &c., to A. D. SPENCER, M.A., 12 Prince's Square, Baywater, W.

MILITARY AND CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—SONS OF NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN are Visited or Received, and efficiently Prepared for the above, by a Tutor of Eleven Years' experience. References to numerous successful Pupils.—Address, Mr. H. D. LANCASTER, 75 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W.

MILITARY EDUCATION at BROMSGROVE HOUSE, Croydon, under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Military College, Addiscombe (late dissolved). TEN PUPILS only are taken, from which number many have recently passed with great success.

MILITARY and CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—A MILITARY ENGINEER, of great Experience in the Scientific Branch of the War Department, also an Author, and an M.A., T.C.D., PREPARE for all the above, and, with especial success, for the Indian Civil Service, the Staff, Woolwich and Sandhurst.—Address, C.E., 4 St. Peter's Terrace, Baywater, W.

* *Kritischer Katalog sämtlicher Werke.*

† *Beethoven's Leben.* Von Ludwig Nohl. Vienna: 1864.

‡ *Furioso. Noctelle von Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter.* *Westermann's Illustrirte Deutsche Monatshefte*, which Mr. Glover entitles "*Westermann's Illustrative Deutsche Monatschrift*."

§ "He" (the Editor) "would also mention—to avoid appearance of claiming what is not his—that he is only sponsor for, not the author of, the translation."